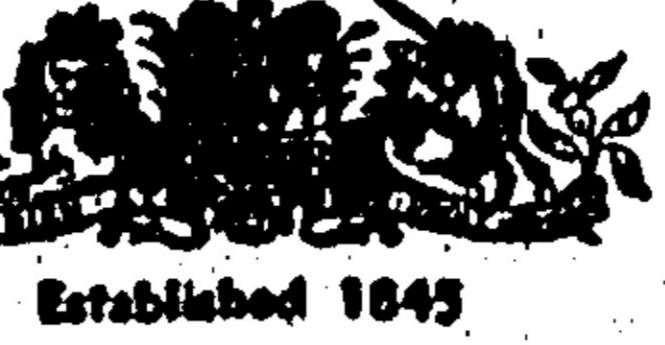


CHINA MAIL



No. 36811

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1957.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN DAKS
THE DAKS COMFORT
IN ACTION TRAVEL
Whiteaways

COMMENT OF THE DAY

LIKE VENUS?

VENUS de Milo may be amused, indignant, flattered or scandalized at comparisons between her own and the dimensions of the average British woman, but the revelation may be morally uplifting to thousands of housewives and working women whose classical proportions have hitherto passed unnoticed. There are probably at least two reasons for this: a general lack of form-flattering apparel or a lamentable decline in the British male's inherent faculty of critical observation. The latter will, of course, be stoutly denied but, in that event, can the former be reasonably substantiated? In short, are British women entirely to blame for, say, a prudish insistence to conceal the full facts?

Climatically, of course, inhibition wins justification. That brazen hussy in the Louvre may bare her beauty to the eyes of millions without fear of a dose of double pneumonia. Her modern counterpart can only be doubly — and detrimentally — insulated: against connaisseurs as well as cold.

LIKE FUN

BUT what about summer? In fairness to the fairest sex we see them less encumbered then. Where winter woolies hamper faddistis appreciation, the heat wave inspires Miss or Mrs. Average to rival the lovely Louvre lady. Are males myopic then? Do Milo's dimensions demoralise? Or it is just that British women are essentially a motley collection whose statistical average bears little relation to reality?

The suggestion — though brutally candid — is somewhere near the truth. But let detractors rail and critics carp; if we are honest we should admit that disproportion is in the nature of things, dampening to individual pride perhaps, but that statisticians have produced for us round figures — even if dream figures — in which all can claim a share.

HIGH MOUNTAIN FOUND

—Under The Sea

London, Aug. 2. Soviet research ship has discovered an undersea mountain estimated to be 12,000 feet high towering from the bed of the Pacific off Vladivostok, Moscow Radio said today.

British Oil Companies To Close Down In Israel ARAB PRESSURE BLAMED Labour MP Hits Out At Shell's Decision

London, Aug. 2. A Labour MP charged today that "Arab pressure" caused Shell Petroleum to stop doing business in Israel.

MP John Dugdale said similar pressure "has been exercised on many companies' operation in Israel."

He said the Arabs were "bluffing." "This is no commercial question but a political one," he said.

The question of Shell's withdrawal from Israel comes within the purview of Parliament since Shell operates in conjunction with the British Petroleum Corporation.

Great Lengths

Conservative MP Langford Tait said he thought Israel would go to great lengths to obtain a reversal of the decision, which he termed "an example of recklessness on behalf of the company concerned."

Mr R.H.S. Crossman, another Labour MP, told the Commons he hoped the government "would feel it possible, recognizing the political complications," to persuade Shell to reverse its decision.

Labour member, Mr Kenneth Younger, said Israeli anxiety over Shell's move "was clearly political and very real" even if the decision was a purely commercial one, which I doubt."

Replying for the Government, the Paymaster General Mr Kenneth Moulding said Shell and BPC had two refineries together in the country while Shell ran a marketing company for Israel.

No Decisions

Mr Moulding said no decisions had been taken to close down the refineries though they were "losing a considerable sum of money annually."

He said that so far as marketing was concerned, operations were being stepped by agreement between the two com-

panies since they were "no longer commercially justifiable." "The government has no right to question that commercial judgment," he said.

He said that a buyer was likely to purchase the marketing operation so there was "not the slightest danger of the dislocation of petrol distribution in Israel."

Meanwhile, a Shell spokesman refused to confirm or deny reports that Shell and BPC plan to sell their Israeli interests to a Frenchman.

Egypt's Refusal

He said no decision had yet been taken in regard to operation of the Shell-BPC refinery in Haifa.

"The joint company has signed an agreement with the Israeli government covering prices for the next six months," he said.

A spokesman in Paris said that Egypt's refusal to allow Israel-bound tankers through the Canal forced Israel to import oil from as far away as Venezuela.

But he would not say specifically that the boycott of Israel had rendered the Shell-Brill Petreoleum operation in Israel unprofitable. —United Press.

She Wants To Go Back To Prison

Rio de Janeiro, Aug. 2. A woman, acquitted of attempting to murder her husband, burst into tears today and begged to be sent back to jail. The 54-year-old prisoner told the jury, "You've ruined my life."

She explained that she wanted to go back to the prison for women where she had spent most of her time since 1935 because she had so many good friends there.

When the court failed to grant her wish, she said she would appeal to the prison head.

'Tainted' Money Refused

Melbourne, Aug. 2. The Salvation Army turned down a bequest of £2,000 today because it was "tainted." The man who bequeathed it to them won it in a lottery.

Salvation Army Colour Sergeant John Archer was 73 years old when he won £2,000 in the lottery last year. He was promptly suspended for three months for taking part in the lottery, but was allowed to keep the money.

He died last month and willing £2,000 of the lottery to the "Army" for charitable use. But Territorial Commander George Sandells formally waived any claim to the money today.

OTHER CLAIMS

The Salvation Army will never accept the proceeds of any lottery or sweepstakes, Sandells said. "We must refuse to accept one penny of this legacy."

Even though the Salvation Army did not want Archer's money there were plenty of claimants.

Archer's will left only £150 to be split among his three sons, three daughters and 22 grandchildren.

His landlady, too, was claiming £2,000. She said the £2,000 which won the prize was shared by her and Archer. —United Press.

Campbell Fails

Canadagua, Aug. 2. Donald Campbell, British speedboat ace, was balked for a second time by swells on Canadagua Lake today as he attempted to break his own world's water speed record of 223 miles-an-hour.

Campbell's two-time runs over a kilometer mile averaged almost 100 miles-an-hour below the standard he set on England's Lake Coniston last September.

He was clocked in his jet-powered hydroplane Bluebird at 142.8 miles-an-hour on the South run and only 121.2 on the North try. —United Press.

JOBS FOR BRITISH OFFICERS IN OMAN

London, Aug. 2. The Sultan of Muscat and Oman is advertising for British mercenary officers to help run his private army now fighting against the rebel followers of the Imam of Oman. It was learned today. An advertisement in the current issue of the "Iron Duke," a British Army magazine, said the Sultan was anxious to hire British officers who have either just finished or are about to finish their tour of duty with the British Army.

Rates of pay, leave and conditions are comparable with

LONDON PRESS ANGERS RED SKELTON

Edinburgh, Aug. 2. Comedian Red Skelton said today he left London five days earlier than he intended because he resented insinuations in the Press that his round-the-world trip was a publicity stunt.

Skelton flew here from London this morning after complaining that he was "shocked and disappointed" at the way London newspapers were playing up his tour round Europe with his nine-year-old son Richard as a publicity stunt.

Richard is suffering from leukemia and has been told by doctors he has only a year to live. But one British newspaper said the tour was turning into a "hazardous jamboree" of publicity.

HOOKEY

Commenting on the reports on his arrival here, Skelton said they were "a lot of hookey."

"I got sick of London because of them and left five days earlier than I intended," he said. "But I don't plan to let them cut short my tour."

The Skeltons went straight off on a whirl of sightseeing when they arrived here today. Red took Richard and his 10-year-old sister Valentine to see the Forth Bridge which the tribesmen have been given at least partially asked to see

— and then to a downtown store where he bought each of them a kilo United Press.

From Hongkong To San Francisco

San Francisco, Aug. 2. Jean Verne, 15, great-grandnephew of Jules Verne, landed here this morning by Pan American airlines on a flight around the world flying over the route of Verne's character Phileas Fogg.

Ho and a French journalist are trying to make the trip in 80 flying hours. They came around the world from Paris via Italy, India, Hongkong, Tokyo and Honolulu.

They depart from the original Phileas Fogg route tomorrow when they go to Hollywood. —United Press.

Rebels Get Only 15 Minutes Warning

Bahrain, Aug. 2. RAF jets attacked a tented camp of dissident Oman tribesmen with only 15 minutes warning yesterday, it was announced today.

The news marked a new departure in RAF procedure. In the two weeks old "little war" against the followers of the Imam of Oman, Hitlerite tribesmen have been given at least four hours warning of impending RAF attacks.

The attacks yesterday were directed at tents pitched around the fort at Nizwa, one of the chief rebel strongholds. Pilots who took part said they had seen no signs of life in the tents as they shot them up with rocket and cannon fire.

Meanwhile, Naval authorities said that no arms had yet been intercepted by the three British frigates patrolling the shores of the Sutotacte of Muscat and Oman.

Ho and a French journalist are trying to make the trip in 80 flying hours. They came around the world from Paris via Italy, India, Hongkong, Tokyo and Honolulu.

They depart from the original Phileas Fogg route tomorrow when they go to Hollywood. —United Press.

Shouts Stopped

He was asked whether the Mid-east situation was better now.

"It is better than it was a year ago," Mr Dulles said. "The nations of that area feel that they tend to be stronger and dependent and they don't need to fear communism as much."

The rebels also captured three vehicles from an oil company searching for oil in the Ibad area at the same time. The oil company's vehicles were not among those destroyed by the RAF during their strikes yesterday or the day before.

70,000 Knees

London, Aug. 2. The Evening Standard reported impressions at the World Scout Jamboree said today:

"There are 70,000 knees—white, brown, black, knobby, hairy and frankly grotesque." —United Press.

Dulles Says: I'm Glad Kremlin Purged Molotov

London, Aug. 2. The Secretary of State Mr John Foster Dulles said today he was glad Molotov was purged in Russia because "he was obstructive."

"I am glad," Mr Dulles said, "that the Soviet rulers had awakened to the fact of what we (already) know."

Mr Dulles, who had negotiated with the former Soviet Foreign Minister for years, spoke of Molotov's dismissal in an interview with Britain's two television networks.

The Secretary of State also said he came to London because the disarmament negotiations were getting so intricate that it was quicker to get on the spot.

He described the "little war" in Oman as a "local turbulence" and we hope it will end as quickly as possible."

All Types

When Mr Dulles was asked whether he had heard that American arms might be used by the Oman rebels, he said: "All types of arms could be used—British, Soviet, American etc. If arms found on the rebels turn out to be US made, it proves nothing."

There was "not a scintilla of truth" in reports of rivalry between British and US oil interests in the Oman crisis, Mr Dulles said.

But when British TV men asked if the United States approved British action there, he said "we don't know enough about it."

He said the Oman situation had "only" been mentioned casually at dinner with Mr Macmillan and Mr Lloyd the night before just.

It Is Better

Paris, Aug. 2. The first group of French tourists scheduled to make a tour of China left Paris by plane today for Zurich en route for Hongkong.

The group, consisting of nine people, will visit Canton, Nanking, Shanghai and Peking during a 24-day tour. —France Presse.

Off To China

Paris, Aug. 2. The first group of French tourists scheduled to make a tour of China left Paris by plane today for Zurich en route for Hongkong.

The group, consisting of nine people, will visit Canton, Nanking, Shanghai and Peking during a 24-day tour. —France Presse.

PETITION TO CHOU

Singapore, Aug. 2. Chinese from the Southern China province of Kwangtung announced today they would ask Mr Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, to keep his promise to return their confiscated land and property near Swatow. The request would be made in a

petition to be sent to the Peking Government by the All Malayan Teochew conference in Malacca on August 17.

The petition would remind Mr Chou that he made the promise to the Singapore-Malaya trade mission when it toured China last year. —Reuter.

SPAIN'S BEST

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK

The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain and of course over here

TOKYO
EUROPE
INDIA

• Super-G Constellation speed & Radar comfort

• Choice of First & Tourist Class

• Every First Class seat a full Slumberette

AIR-INDIA International

Tel. 3227-3331

KING'S * PRINCESS3.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.
4.30, 6.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

OPENS TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.00 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
Walt Disney's Columbia's 3 Stooges &
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

HOOVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL: 72571 KOWLOON TEL: 60140, 60248

NOW PLAYING
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.00 — REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER THEATRE

June Allyson

Elizabeth Taylor in

"THE LITTLE WOMEN"

LIBERTY THEATRE

Edmund Purdom

Ann Blyth in

"THE STUDENT PRINCE"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FILMED IN ROME, JOYOUS ENTERTAINMENT THAT DELIGHTS AND EXCITES!

A SILLY EYFUL! The Devil's Girls on Roman Holiday

DEAN MARTIN & TONY COLEMAN in Ten Thousand Bedrooms

ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI & EVA BARTOK in Devey Marth

WALTER Slezak & PAUL HENREID in

MADAME WHITE SNAKE Japanese Film in Mandarin dialogue

Morning Show To-Morrow 12.30 "MADAME WHITE SNAKE" Japanese Film in Mandarin dialogue

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

CINEMASCOPE TECHNICOLOR

PILLARS OF THE SKY

JIM DODDIE CHANDLER & MALONE

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL FILM

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

JOHN WAYNE in THE SEARCHERS

TO-MORNING MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA in THE WRONG MAN

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

BUREAUCRACY RUNS WILD

79 Non-Existent Organs In Rome Drawing Money

By ELVEZIO BIANCHI

Rome.

It may be displeasing news to the taxpayers, but it will surely tickle any Italian horse's pride to know that four different and expensive government offices are looking over his welfare, regardless of other national problems no matter how serious they may be.

There is in fact one office dealing with horses in general, as a big equine family, with a different organization and different personnel from other three offices dealing separately with each type of horse races practised in the country.

BUBBLES

(The Whale)

WANTS A MATE

Palos Verdes Estates,

Calif.

Marineland officials today ordered a vast search in the Pacific Ocean to find and capture a lover for Bubbles.

Bubbles has a bad case of spring fever. The spawning season has started and the 14-foot Globophoca Soemmerringi (pilot whale) wants a mate.

Bubbles was captured last February off the Southern California Coast and placed in a large tank at the Oceanarium here. The lovesick Bubbles is the world's only captive whale.

LONGING

"She won't eat her daily ration of 60 pounds of squid anymore," William F. Monahan, Vice-President of Marineland, said. "She just nibbles on anchovies and gazes longingly toward the Pacific."

Frank Brocato, Captain of the Oceanarium's collective boat, Geronimo, was given the whale of a task. He was ordered to sea and reminded that Bubbles would remain sad unless he returned with her Romeo—United Press.

The Pool That Went Dry

Brownsville, Pa.
MEMBERS and officers of the Nemacolin Country Club near here turned out for the dedication of a new \$75,000 swimming pool.

The only thing missing was water.

It developed that a shipment of pipe failed to arrive on time and club officials, anxious to run the dedication off on schedule, asked a nearby volunteer fire company to pump water into the new pool by hose.

A LEAK

The firemen obliged and spent 20 hours filling the pool with 110,000 gallons of water. But when it came time for the dedication ceremony, the water had drained out through an underground leak.

A spokesman for the Country Club said the dedication would have to be postponed several weeks.—United Press.

Ham, Cheese & Gelignite

London.
A suburban food store owner opened up last week to find his safe open, some 2,600 missing and the walls and ceiling plastered with ham, bacon and cheese.

The burglar had used sides of bacon, ham and great cheese to muzzle the explosion when they blew the safe open during the night with gelignite.—United Press.

Teach Them Young

Memphis.

Motorists have begun to heed the homemade signs of a volunteer kiddie patrol which warn of "children at play," "slow," and "stop."

The sharp-eyed kiddies, tot down license numbers of those who don't obey the signs and turn them over to traffic police.—United Press.

New York.

Two yellow flags at the end of runway nine at Laguardia Airport warn "keep clear" to plane and other manure. Phantasm type hatching is the reason.—United Press.

PLUCKED CHICKS



A race of featherless chickens which do not need plucking—that's one of the latest developments of American science. When the chicks hatch they are covered with down at the rear end.

The down disappears as the chick grows until the bird is entirely naked except for a few fluffy feathers where the down used to be.

The little black feather quills, which are such a nuisance to remove when chicken is being dressed for the table never develop.

When two such chickens—as pictured here—breed, their young are all nudists, too. They are otherwise normal, except that they feel the cold.—Express Photo.

BRILLIANT BOY YEARNEED FOR A GIRL FRIEND

London.
TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD David Mills was one of the most brilliant students at Nottingham University. But the brain his fellow students envied could not win him the thing he wanted most desperately—a girl-friend.

He complained that he had no friends. But he brushed aside the efforts of other students to "take him to dances" and fix "dates."

Although he longed to go out he spent night after night sitting alone in his room, playing classical records and reading Russian novels.

Then, on the night he was told he had passed his Russian Part I. I. examinations "with quite brilliant results," he walked out of a celebration party, went drinking on his own—and shot himself in his room.

LOCKED DOOR

Before he fired, he sent a message to a tutor: Dr. Robert Waterhouse, whom he thought had let him down on a promise to find him a girl friend and companions.

At the Nottingham inquest Dr. Waterhouse said he was hurried to Mills' room and pleaded with him through the locked door, not to commit suicide. Then came the shot.

Verdict: Suicide while the balance of mind was disturbed.

UNINVITED GUEST SMELT

Sainte Maxime, France.
A NEW inhabitant of this exclusive Riviera resort threatened today to ruin the thriving tourist trade.

How much the pitchfork of useless bodies is annually costing the taxpayer is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of useless bodies is annually costing the taxpayer is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is annually costing the taxpayer is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$5,300) as a local family tax.—United Press.

The draft of law is still bogged down in parliamentary meanders.

A Mystery

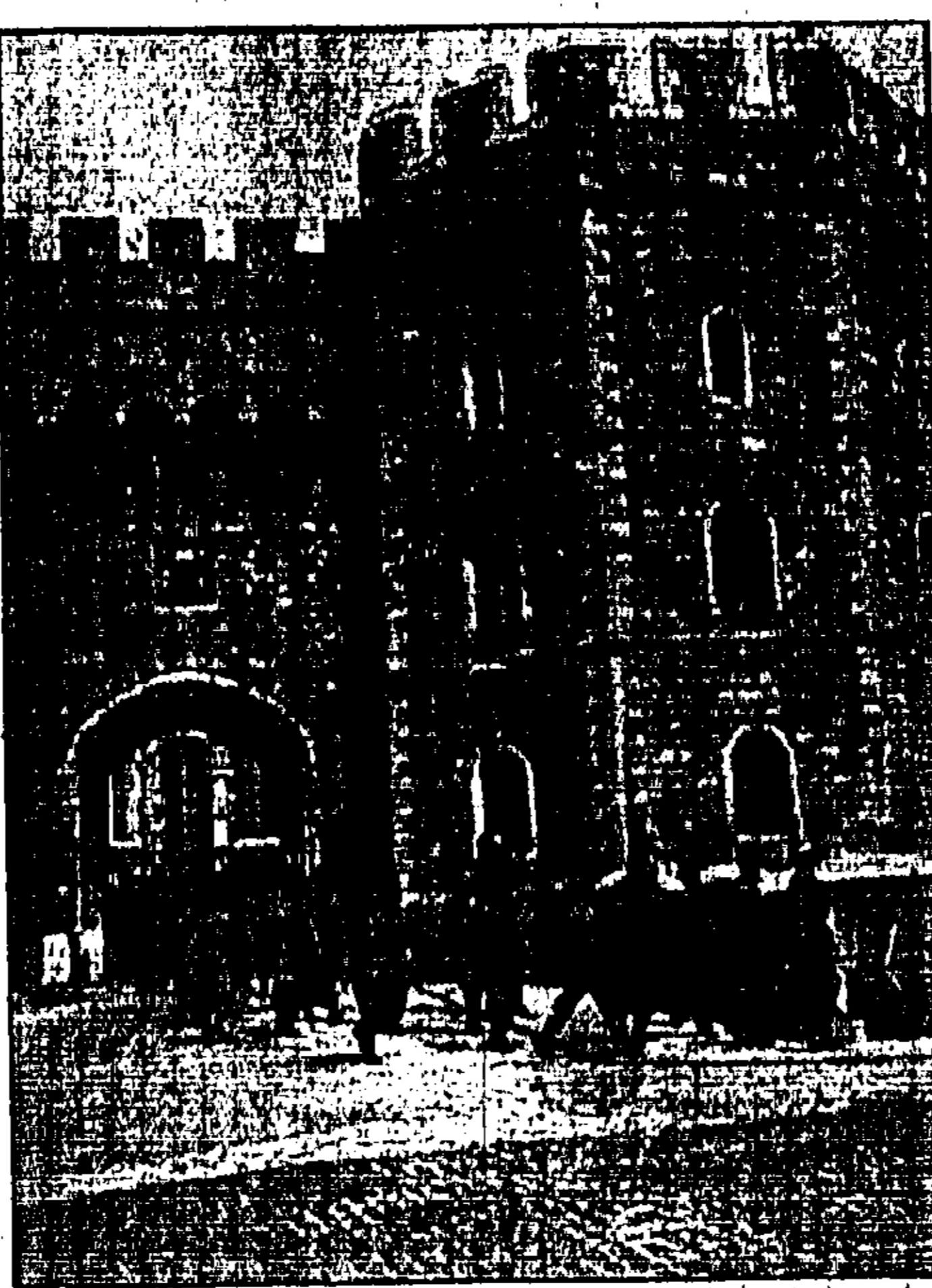
How much the pitchfork of

useless bodies is still an unsolved mystery. Introducing a bill last December Trabucchi pointed out that only of the 76 offices he mentioned had piled up a deficit of more than \$10,000,000 lire.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



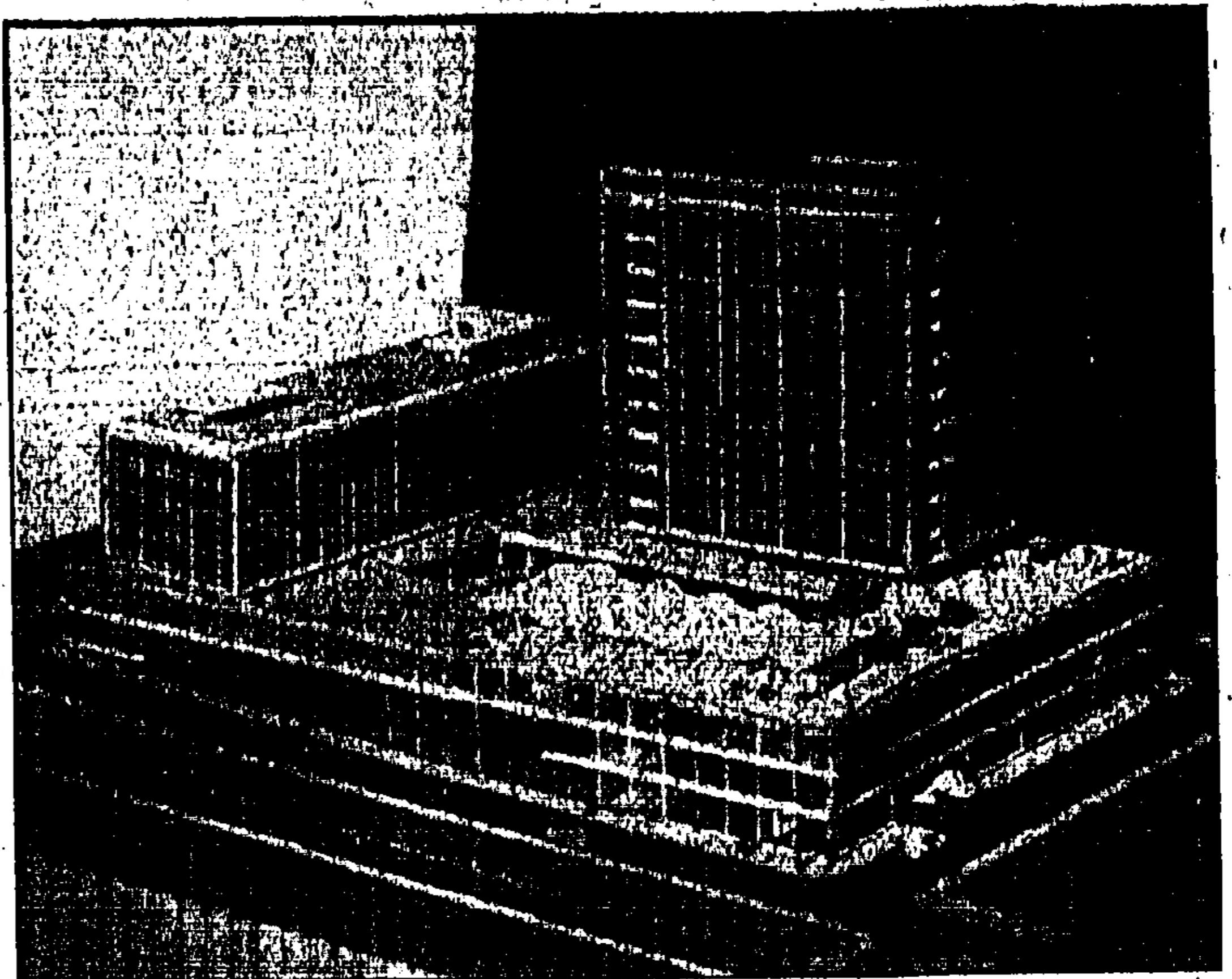
QUEEN Elizabeth the Queen Mother, back from her visit to Rhodesia and Nyasaland... seen here at the Bulawayo centre for physically handicapped children built as a memorial to King George VI. (Express)



LEFT: The Prime Minister loaned part of his house, Birchwood, in Sussex, and the grounds to the public in aid of nursing charities. And while the fun was on he even had to pay his young grandson, Alexander, £1 for a bottle of home-brewed pop. (Express)



RIGHT: Before this picture was taken keepers at Whipsnade only suspected that the two cubs existed because they thought they could detect two separate squeaks. Even then they couldn't tell their sex. However, if the cubs were not male, the keepers were prepared to state that they would be female. (Express)



NEW layouts in London are designed to cut down the amount of office accommodation available in central London... otherwise, say planners, rush hour crowds increasing at 10,000 a year will soon be jammed solid and central London will become one huge office block. (Express)

LEFT: The King's African Rifles touring England spend their time off touring the places to remember. This one is Windsor Castle in which they have just seen over the Royal Apartments. (Army News)



RIGHT: Japanese actress Izumi Yukimura (18) flew into London from the Berlin Film Festival... brought with her a touch of Oriental fruit blossom. (Express)



WRONG? Marie MacDonald flies in for a 24 hour visit from the US... lays claim to British romantic actor Michael Wilding—“Michael and I have been going together for eight months”. Her current divorce became final at the end of July—but by that time she had flown off again for a TV film with Bob Hope in Casablanca. (Express)

LEFT: Ismaili Moslems from all over the East have been flocking to Genoa to pay last respects to the late Aga Khan. And 7-year-old Yasmin, daughter of Ali and Rita Hayworth, comes in for some of the attention. (Express)



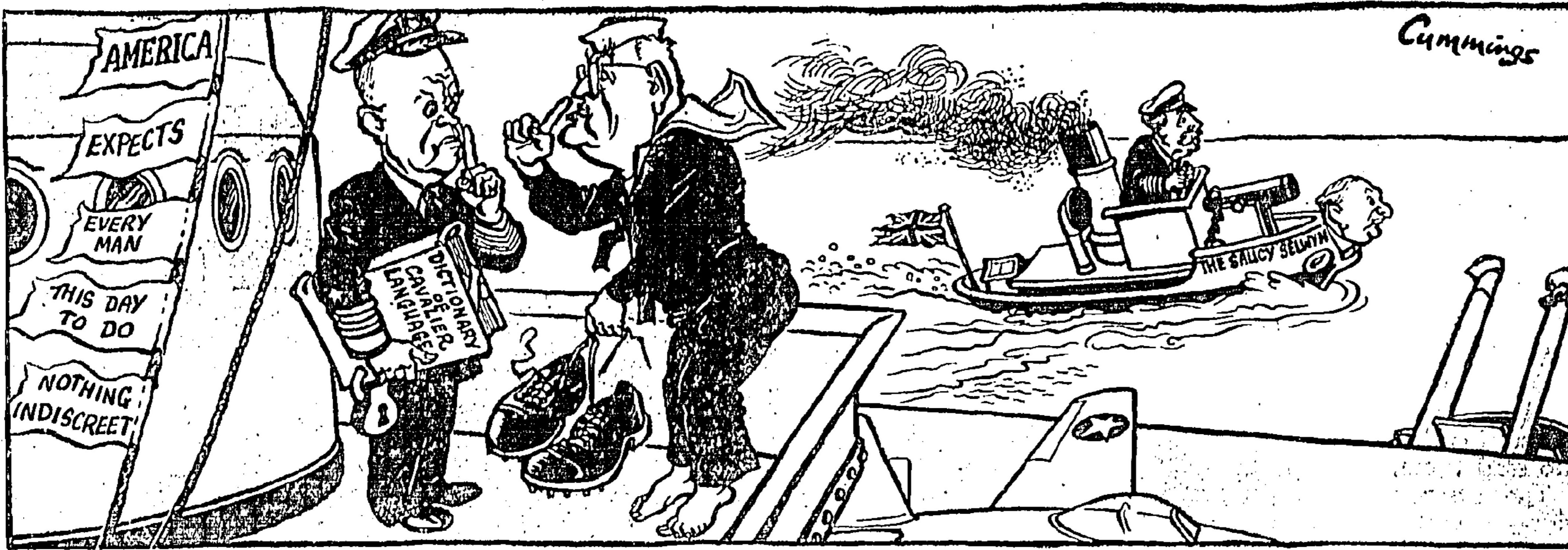
Cary Grant has been hitting the headlines, and pushing himself back into the £180,000 a year class by saying that hypnotism has saved him from ruin. His wife and he practise it on each other. “It makes us more relaxed—and I am quite sure that being relaxed is the reason for my being back in films again.” Hypnotism has so far charmed away tobacco, liquor, driving fast, cars fast. (Express)

NANCY



ALL QUIET ON THE PERSIAN GULF

—by CUMMINGS



Once they cheered us . . .

Now they insult our dead

Let's show we CAN get angry

THIS morning a harsh, hot sun will be beating down on the Mediterranean island of Rhodes.

And there, in the glare of that sun, will be 65 small mounds freshly turned from the rocky soil.

Spare a moment's thought for that sunlit scene this morning and for the men who lie beneath those rough mounds.

They are the British Servicemen whose bodies were dug up by Greek shovels from their resting-place on the island of Cos, where they fought and died.

I knew many of those men. They got the South African I knew them when they were pilots as they turned away from the airfield, flying slowly in a alive and strong and young. And as I remember them now my mind goes back to a moment 14 years ago.

It was one hour before dusk on a Friday in late September. I was flying a Beaufighter over the rock-studded Aegean Sea. We were one and a half hours out from Cyprus flying low.

My navigator was Flight Lieutenant Thomas of 252 Squadron, my passenger Air Vice-Marshal Saul, who was in command of the operation to capture Cos and Leros as advance bases in the liberation of Greece.

For this was September 1943. Remember what was happening? That's what the men I met could not understand. Why, just when things seemed to be going so splendidly for the Allies, should we try to land and hold on to this tiny island right under the noses of the Germans with the nearest British base 400 miles away? What was the point of it all?

That evening Air Marshal Saul called everyone together. We walked down into a narrow valley where he explained to pilots and ground crew why we were there.

I remember that talk well. I remember the scrub-covered



All who listened in the quiet of that late evening realised the desperate nature of the operation and the consequences. Then came the air marshal's final words. He said:

"Perhaps you have two or three tough weeks in front of you. But think of these people over there"—and he pointed out to sea where Greece lay beyond the horizon—"those are our friends the Greeks. They have had two whole years of it under the Germans. They are our allies, our friends. We owe it to them to hold this island to the last man if it means them getting their freedom earlier."

And so the men I stood with in that packed little valley went back to their planes thinking of the friends they had never seen, their friends in Greece. For their sakes, we went back gladly to prepare for the German attack.

The next day the South Africans were reinforced by two British squadrons. The famous 74, under "Squad" Hayter, and 274, under Johnnie Morgan.

These two famous British squadrons were welcomed joyfully. Both squadron commanders were enthusiastic and gay. Both were brilliant pilots.

Seventy-four Squadron was moved down to a flat, sandy beach, which it used as its runway.

Meanwhile the four companies of the Durham Light Infantry, who were the total military force on the island, were fortifying their positions, and supplies were being pushed through at night in special fast boats disguised as Greek traders. One R.A.F. air-sea rescue boat was disguised as a Turkish yacht.

Then the air marshal's voice grew grave. He turned to the situation which faced us on that island of Cos.

He said that our Middle East H.Q. had hoped that the Italians

thing of our situation.

Over on our right was the coast of Turkey, and on our left, six or seven miles distant, the German-occupied island of Rhodes.

We could see German Messerschmitts flying over Rhodes, circling the airfield, which was one of the biggest, and strongest, in the Aegean. We flew on underneath their radar screen and unseen by their fighters. We approached Cos at dusk, wheels down, and fired our recognition signals.

Let me tell you what Cos is like.

It is a thin desolate sliver of rock jutting out of the sea. It is 25 miles long, five miles wide. The landing strip, if you could call it such, was close to the sea, 600 yards long. It was easily recognisable because there were six burned out Dakotas lying around the perimeter.

The men in those Dakotas under the command of Whitney Straight had landed that afternoon. They had managed to drag their supplies out just before the Messerschmitts came in and blew them up.

I SOON LEARNED JUST HOW GHASTLY THE WHOLE SET-UP WAS.

Number 7 Spitfire Squadron of the South African Air Force had landed three days previously. They had been having a wrenching time.

The Germans would lead over a bomber as a decoy. The Messerschmitts would walk out to sea until they saw the Spitfires, then turn inland to the harbour island of Leros, which had also sailed.

by
**MAX
AITKEN**

hillside and the air marshal's quiet voice in the still evening air.

He told us how the decision had been taken on the part of the British to render into these islands which are half-way to Greece, fortify them, hold them, and make them the spearhead for our landing in German-held Greece.

Surrender?

HE explained that it could mean a tremendous change in the course of the war if we could come up, as Churchill described it, on the soft underbelly of Europe.

It could eliminate the weary attack up through Italy. It could mean a complete change in the concept of the war.

Then the air marshal's voice grew grave. He turned to the situation which faced us on that island of Cos.

He said that our Middle East

H.Q. had hoped that the Italians

on land surrendered would overcome the Germans in Rhodes, but this had not happened. The Germans were there in strength. They were reinforcing Rhodes from Crete, and no doubt were preparing to launch an all-out attack on Cos and the neighbouring island of Leros, which had also sailed.

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



The culture of bygone dynasties and the amenities of a modern city, the traditional Japanese theatre or top class cabaret—all can be enjoyed to the full by the visitor to Tokyo. And whether you're on business or pleasure bound, you'll get there quicker, less fatigued by the journey if you fly HKA VISCOUNT all the way.

VISCOUNT Jet-prop
Built by VICKERS ARMSTRONG
Powered by ROLLS-ROYCE

**HONG KONG
AIRWAYS**

A. B. O. A. C. / JARDINE ENTERPRISE

How well do you sleep?

In the early hours of the morning, when most are turning gently in their sleep or quietly snoring, some lie terribly awake. Are you one of them? Are you like Mrs Wilson, who, as the clock ticks loudly on the mantelpiece and the grey light of dawn edges through the curtain, gives in, and leans towards the bedside table for sleeping tablets?

"I didn't use to be like that," she said. "When I was younger I could sleep on a clothes line. My head just had to touch a pillow, and I was away. Now I'm like a neurotic film star."

Mrs Wilson wasn't a neurotic sort of person at all. She just didn't realise that, with advancing age, people need fewer hours sleep—though they need more rest.

"Be sensible, Mrs. Wilson," I said, "and accept the fact that you sleep less because you need less sleep."

"Not always," I replied. Sedatives can be most helpful for short periods. The danger is they can become a habit. The secret is to break that fixed idea in the mind which is expressed in the sentence: I just can't sleep without my pills.

They, incidentally, knew the value of not going to bed on an overladen stomach. The main meal of the day should not be taken too late at night. It is best to eat earlier and take a light snack just before turning in.

"Biscuits and a glass of milk for example," I advised.

On the other hand, some can't go to sleep because they are physically or mentally overtired. Big executives, for example, who have to scheme continually and whose hours are counted in crises are just too fatigued at the end of a day.

They are so edge that their muscles are in a state of tension. And the key to sleep is not only a haleyon mind but relaxation of the muscles.

Some, of course, don't sleep as well as they might because of illness or physical discomfort. Conditions like arthritis and neuritis may become more noticeable at night. All the same, patients such as these men who have inherited them are finally forced to behave like civilised people once again.

Why help them? The white columns on the Aeroplane have stood for over 2,000 years. They will still be there when the little men who have inherited them are finally forced to behave like civilised people once again.

Change that idea and there is no need to take sedatives.

Easy to say, Mrs. Wilson commented, but what do you propose instead?

Self-hypnosis, I replied. It started her.

Just as in hypnosis the mind, at first, should be made as blank as possible. Then the jaw should be allowed to sag and all muscles relaxed completely. The tip of the tongue allowed to touch the lower teeth.

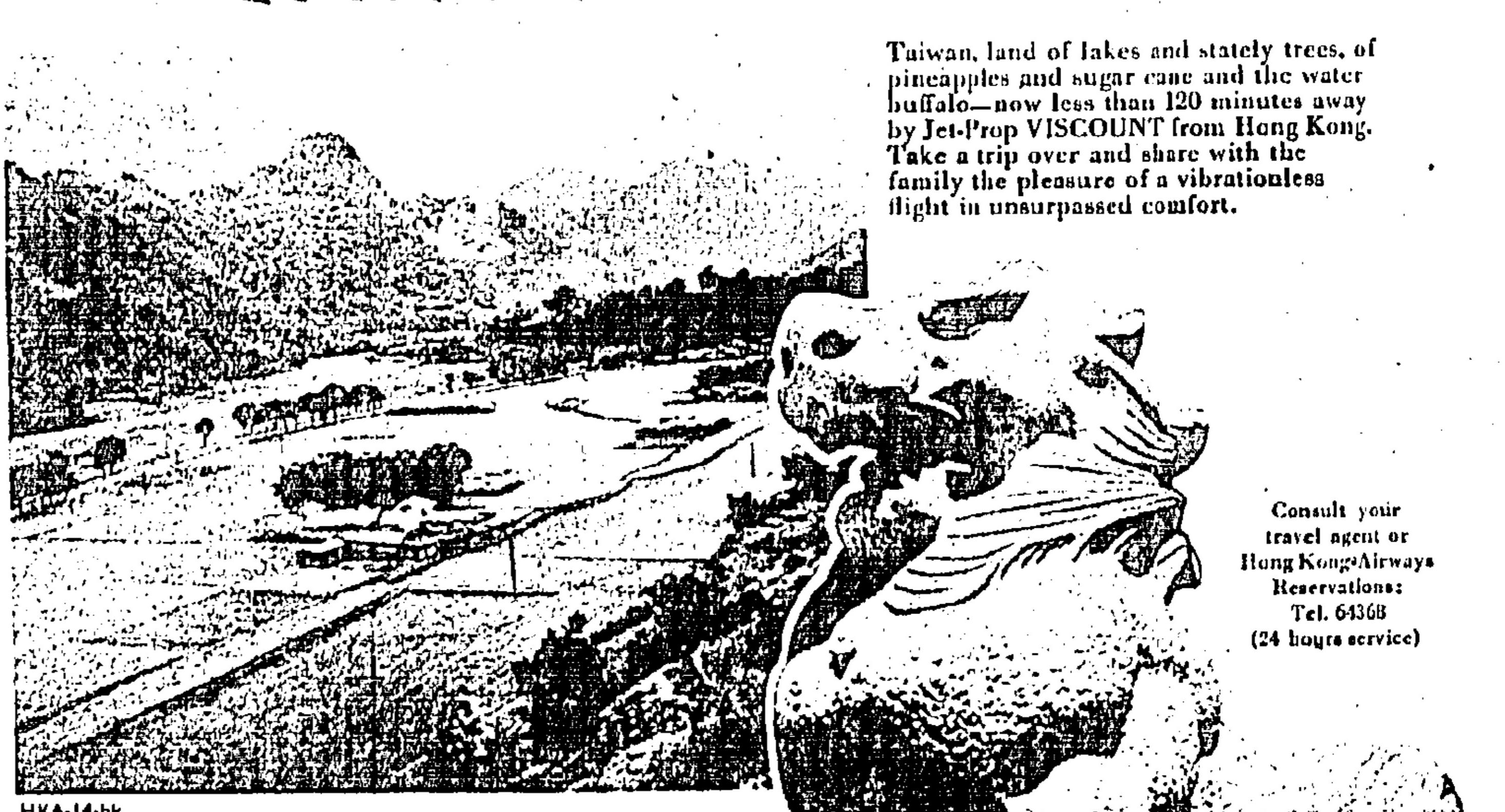
"Try it yourself," I said.

Mrs. Wilson sat back in the chair with her eyes just closed. She was practising.

"Mrs. Wilson," I said, "have you tried a night-cap?"

"Mrs. Wilson," I had to shout because they expect pain, loudly.

From today—fly
HONG KONG AIRWAYS JET-PROP VISCOUNT
to TAIPEI and TOKYO

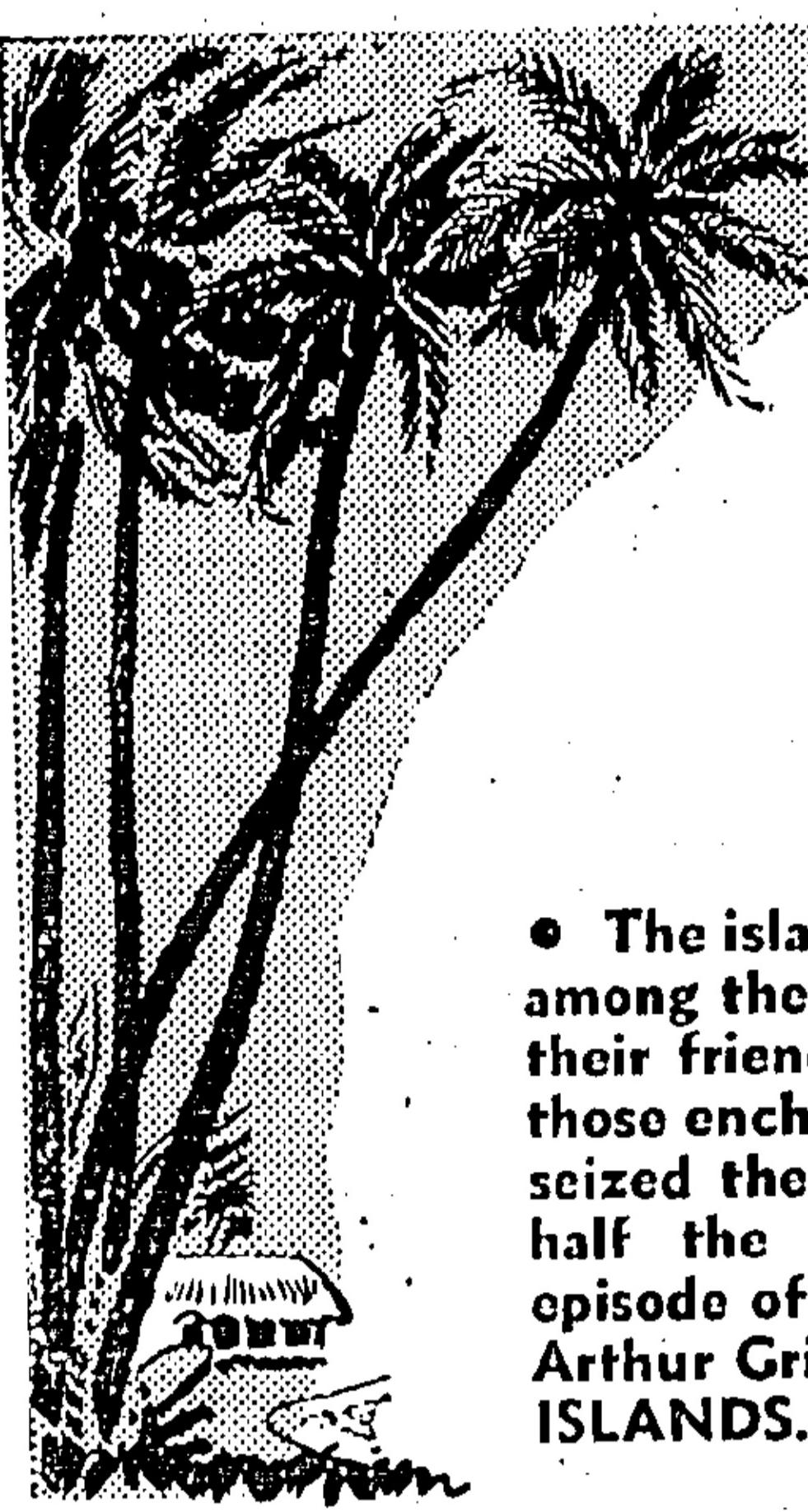


Consult your
travel agent or
Hong Kong Airways
Reservations:
Tel. 64368
(24 hours service)



SUNLIT ISLES, CAREFREE PEOPLE, VILLAGE SCANDAL...

The day a white man pulled a gun in court



• The islanders called him Kurimbo. He went among them to rule; he stayed with them as their friend. Then he distilled the magic of those enchanted shores in stories...stories that seized the imagination of all who read them, half the world away. Today: The strange episode of a silent battle of wills—from Sir Arthur Grindle's last book, RETURN TO THE ISLANDS.

WHEN my formidable first chief, E. C. Elliot, was teaching me my job as a district officer in the Gilbert Islands, he was fond of saying: "You can't intimidate these people in the mass, so don't ever be fool enough to try. It's their consciences you have to work on when they get sticky; nothing else."

I didn't make much of his words at the time, but I had occasion to remember them a few years later. It was when a sick and unhappy individual, whom I shall call Albert, came trailing up to Tarawa from the Southern Gilberts with a tale that the people of Arorae Island had tried to murder him.

Albert was a stop-gap in the administrative machine, a temporary, provisional, acting district officer. True, he spoke a bit of Gilbertese, but bully was written all over him, and his ranting talk about missionaries was a byword everywhere.

Yes, Albert was a mistake—a private letter to me from the native magistrate of Arorae explained how enormous: "He came among us breathing hate of our religion and shouting threats against our pastors," it ran, "and that was the beginning of our sorrows."

In other words, he had conceived a bitter jealousy of the influence of the London Mission's brown pastor in the Southern Islands. "But," the report continued, "Timoni, the chief pastor, told us to be patient; so we suffered his talk in silence

for a week and three days. And then arose the matter of Nei Tabita."

Nei Tabita was a pretty village girl on whom Albert's roving eye had fallen. She instead of submitting with joy to his forceful advances one evening near his house, stayed only to hurl a fallen coconut at him, then fled arrow-swift through the palm grove to the dwelling of her uncle, a native pastor. The pastor, a big man, came out and shooed Albert off with a broom and epithets of biblical frankness....

"Sitting in judgment instead of me with a revolver before him, he sent men and women to prison for offences not



Nei Tabita stayed only to hurl a coconut, then fled through the palms...

named in the Book of Laws. And when my council of village headmen said, "This revolver is not the law," he sent them also to prison for contempt of court. But because Timoni, the chief pastor, had "Patience," justice was overturned upon me and I saw nothing," he put it, and added, "Furthermore, I think that the only sinner in this matter was that man. This, I know, is not according to the law. Therefore I am no longer fit to remain in office. Therefore, I have locked away my uniform in the Government safe, sitting with bowed shoulders cross-legged on the floorboards.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

The end came when Albert entered his seventh week on Arorae. I will reconstruct that final scene now from the notes I took later on the spot. He had called a general meeting in the speak-house for the talk about the pastors, and a big crowd of men and women had turned up.

But when he tried to address them, a mysterious sound arose; just a hum-mm-mm-mm-mm from behind closed lips, untraceable to any particular part of the audience.

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resent any one who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless mob law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might concern, was packed

QUICK-on-the-DRAW COUSINS-

He could become sheriff

FRANK Cousins, said a trade union historian to me, is like a gunman in a Wild West saga. Not a bad gunman, but a good gunman. A kind of Robin Hood of the prairies. He is going through an heroic, tempestuous phase. And he is qualifying.

For what? Why, to become the sheriff. And when he becomes the sheriff, the upholder of law and order, the reputation he is now building for being "quick on the draw" will be one of his greatest assets.

But let any hombre step out of line when Frank is the sheriff—why, he'll soon be shot down by Frank. It's a comically amusing analogy. Mr Cousins may not recognise himself in this role. But it is surprising how many other trade union leaders do.

The fear

IT would please some to see Mr Cousins "settling down," but others are alarmed by a world in which he would dispense his kind of law and order. For "Sheriff" Frank as the custodian of trade union regulation might not only interpret the rules but seek to make them as well.

He is already the head of the country's biggest union. He would like its policy to be endorsed by the whole T.U.C.

And he thinks it reasonable for the Socialist Party merely to give "political expression" to what the unions decide. And that could mean what Mr Cousins decides.

Personally, I think that is an unjustified fear. My bet is that

TREVOR EVANS

he will mellow, and be more tolerant on minorities, always provided, of course, they are not too violent to his majority.

But just now he is still on the way up. He will need allies to get to the top. He still has to win them. But he has one indomitable inducement.

His block vote of 1,300,000 is the mightiest weapon in the trade union armoury. It can forge alliances. It can shatter rivals. It often means the difference between victory and defeat for controversial policies. No wonder he demands attention.

For these days Mr Cousins is everywhere. He makes news. He has been making news ever since he became the general secretary of the mighty Transport and General Workers' Union, with 1,300,000 members

in a hundred industries, just over a year ago.

I have a garronic feeling inside of me when I recall that earlier this year I was advising him how useful a public relations man could be to his organisation.

He appeared to be listening intently. But he has done nothing about it. Come to think of it, why should he?

There isn't a public relations man living who could get Frank "into the papers" as frequently as he manages to do it for himself.

But let me add that he is no publicity-seeking. On the contrary, he is sensitive about many references to him. None of the "don't-mind-what-they-say-as-long-as-they-say-it" attitude in film.

Grenade

ANYONE in his tremendously key job, influencing as it does the whole T.U.C. as well as the Socialist Party, would attract some attention. It is Frank Cousins himself who holds it.

Today he is the generalissimo behind the disputes on the provincial bus routes and in Covent Garden. Today, too, he will dominate the secret talks between the Ogdams management and the T.U.C. on the future of the Daily Herald.

On Wednesday night he threw a verbal hand-grenade into the orderly proceedings at the Treasury by asking Mr Thorneycroft, the Chancellor, what the Government would do if the T.U.C. refused to read the advice of the Government's proposed super-court on inflationary problems.

The other T.U.C. chiefs were as startled as Mr Thorneycroft. And when courteous Sir Thomas Williamson, T.U.C. chairman pointed out this, Frank Cousins considered this, Frank Cousins brusquely told Sir Tom not to interrupt.

Masterly

THROUGHOUT last week, when his union held its conference at Torquay, Mr Cousins spoke 50 times, his deputy, Mr Harry Nicholas, twice, and the other 13 national officers were left out in the cold.

Were they upset? Some were. But the delegates loved Mr Cousins. He could not give them enough. His manner was masterly. An analysis of his matter was revealing. It was not nearly as "Left" as his reputation.

If Mr Cousins does plan to raise himself to domination of the whole trade union movement of Britain, little of what he said



...But let any hombre step out of line when Frank is the sheriff — why, he'll soon be shot down — by Frank.'

cated to himself at his union's conference last week.

Selfish?

HE rebuked me recently for describing him as selfish. This was before his milk-hogging marathon at Torquay. He swore to me then that he is not selfish. I accept that.

But another word, another description, must be found for what some of his enemies call his egotism and others his exhibitionism. Oh, yes, Mr Cousins has made enemies, and he knows it.

It is a matter which he shrugs off with surprising indifference. I say surprising, for this Yorkshire ex-miner, ex-driver goes in for perceptible self-analysis with extraordinary detachment, and he must realise that for any man seeking power friends are more useful than enemies.

And now we get near to the secret of Frank Cousins. For he has his friends, his devoted admirers. They are the great majority of the members of his union.

Are they upset? Some were. But the delegates loved Mr Cousins. He could not give them enough. His manner was masterly. An analysis of his matter was revealing. It was not nearly as "Left" as his reputation.

If Mr Cousins does plan to raise himself to domination of the Treasury incident and the dazzling prominence he allo-

ws for himself, he works prodigious hours. For most others he has an almost arrogant intolerance. This theory explains both the Treasury incident and the dazzling prominence he allo-

ws for himself.

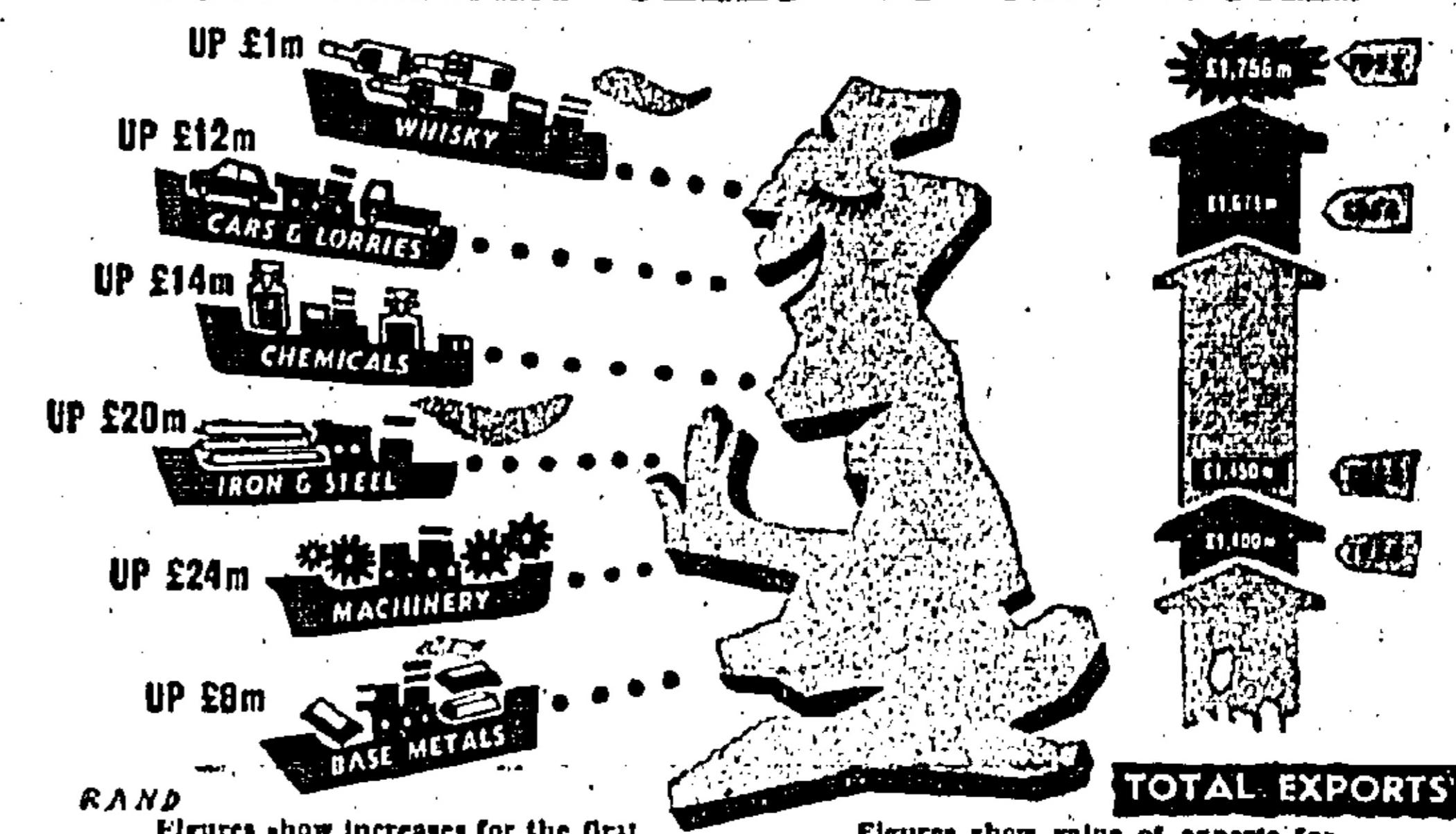
For them he works prodigious hours. For most others he has an almost arrogant intolerance. This theory explains both the Treasury incident and the dazzling prominence he allo-

ws for himself.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

Figures show value of exports for the first half of each year.

HOW BRITAIN SELLS TO THE WORLD



Figures show value of exports for the first half of each year.

Figures show increases for the first five months of this year over 1956.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

Figures show value of exports for the first half of each year.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

PRINCES, PEERS AND FILM STARS . . . HER ALLURE DAZZLED THEM ALL . . .

SUNSHINE splashed pools of light across the room, catching her hair as she stood there—pale and haughty—appraising me with her candid eyes.

"Yours is a fantastic story," I said. "No," she said impatiently. "No. No. I have done nothing that's interesting."

The telephone rang. She excused herself to take a call from St. Moritz. Then another, immediately following, from New York.

Finally she returned.

"If I had my way," she said, "I'd tear up everything that's ever been written about me."

"That would be like tearing up your past," I said.

She gave me a curious look. "Don't you see," she said. "It isn't interesting any more. It just isn't interesting...."

THAT was my first meeting with the woman known as Lady Sylvia Ashley. And that was all she would say.

The title she acquired with her first marriage, and despite four subsequent unions she has never relinquished it.

Douglas Fairbanks' son, she married, and Baron Stanley of Alderley; and Clark Gable; and Prince Dmitri Djordjevic.

But still she remains . . . Lady Sylvia Ashley.

Sylvia Ashley, whose name is legend among the smart set; whose appearance commands instant attention from the maîtres d'hôtel of two continents; who is called by American society columnists "Cholly Kuleckerbocker"; "One of the great sirens of history."

She needs a house? Lord Astor will lend her one. She wants an amusing house guest? Cole Porter will go anywhere for her. She'd like a party? Mrs. Lorelle Hearts will take over the Stork Club in New York and throw one for her.

A woman, you will perceive, with a very special kind of appeal.

Five marriages, countless romances, and 35 years of spectacular living with the world as her playground have left her face unspotted.

The crowds—feet of experience one looks for around the eye of a woman of 50 do not exist on the face of Sylvia Ashley. She has come a long way...but that you cannot read the log of that journey in her face.

DISCREET TINT

HERS is a curious beauty. The face is angular with a pronounced jawline. There is a noticeable gap between her two front teeth. Her hair, disconcertingly tinted, is worn in an old-fashioned style—almost shoulder length with a loose curl at the ends.

An extraordinary woman, Sylvia; gay mannered, boutonniere, haute-couture important in cafe society; her charms embracing the best drawing-rooms in the land.

What sort of person was she? Why would she never discuss her background? What of her father, or whom so little was known? Was it mere coincidence that of her five marriages there had been to men of title: two to world-famous film stars? Why did the name of Ashley mean so much to her? It had not been a happy marriage.

To find the answers to these and other questions I travelled 12,000 miles—to the canyons of Hollywood and the night-clubs of New York...to America's playground: Palm Beach...to Nassau in the Bahamas...and finally back to London.

To London—and a mean, shabby side-street in Paddington.

THE YEAR was 1904...at the beginning of the Edwardian era. Three-quarters of the people of London were still living on the borderline of bare subsistence—yet life over all was good.

That year Queen Alexandra visited the Alexandra Trust in the East End and was served to ordinary meal of the day: oxtail soup, roast lamb and mint sauce, cabbage and potatoes, plum pudding and coffee. It cost 4d. It was a world of clear-cut social distinctions.

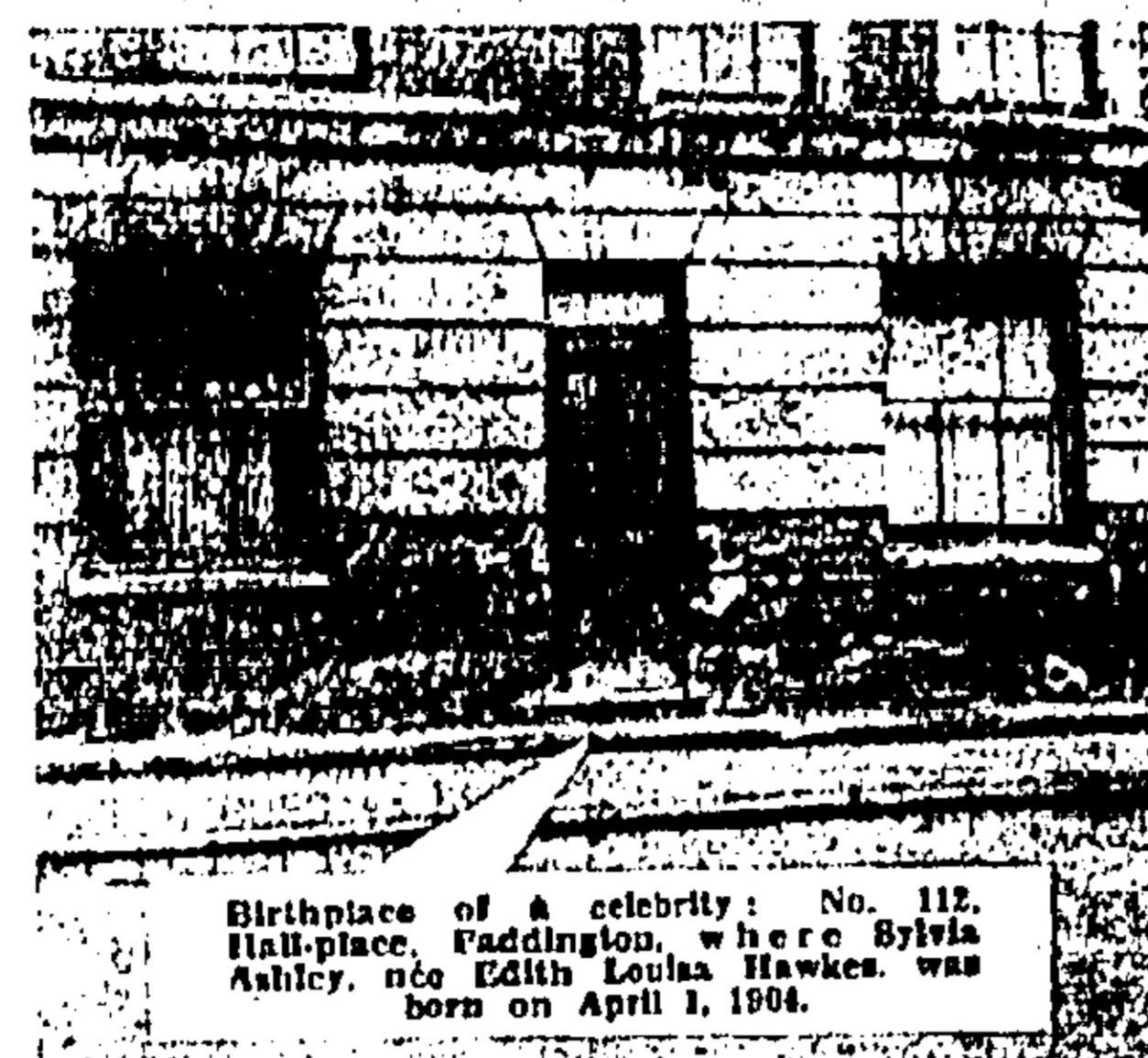
While the well-to-do spent their leisure time sauntering down Piccadilly, shopping in the arcades or visiting their clubs, the poorer classes spent theirs in the parks, at the music-halls, and in the pubs.

It was a world of change. The old Gailey had just been demolished. Flats were coming into fashion: the standard of living was rising for all.

Into this world, at 112, Hall Place, Paddington, Sylvia was born on April 1.

NO FOOL . . .

THE doctor who delivered the child took a long look at her and told the proud father— "Well, it's April the first, but she looks no fool to me." Hall Place was a grey, undistinguished street of small, windowed three-storey houses, few of which had baths.



SYLVIA ASHLEY

• What is the magical quality that takes a woman from a humble home to the peak of society . . . the quality that captivates men and arouses envy in women?

Sylvia Ashley has that quality. It has brought her glittering success in the international smart set. And

The search for



At a London charity event Sylvia Ashley (back to the camera) chats to the Duke of Kent (father of the present Duke). Right centre: Mrs. Archie Campbell, Sylvia's friend from her show days.

today begins a candid appraisal of this intriguing personality. It tells how an earl desperately tried to prevent her marriage to his son; how she shocked Hollywood by her romance with Douglas Fairbanks sen.; how her marriage with Clark Gable broke up. This is the story of a woman described as one of the greatest sirens of history.

house in Hanover Square. And she got it.

Now she was happy...with the touch of fine dresses against her fair skin, the bustle of the salon, the atmosphere of wealth.

She was a great success. She looked adorable. "You ought to be an actress," they told her. So she decided to audition at the Winter Garden.

George Grossmith, the producer, a tall man with a turned-up nose, was auditioning in the stalls.

"I went and looked. A pair of friendly eyes looked back at me from under a nurse's cap. She smiled. She was incredibly beautiful."

She and her close friend Dorothy Field were invited to join a cruise on board a yacht chartered by the Duke of Sutherland.

Usually the duke and duchess spent the winter on the Riviera, like so many of their friends.

On this occasion they decided that a cruise to North Africa would be more amusing.

They wanted some young people to make up the party. Dorothy, they knew. And through her, Sylvia was invited.

It was the turning point in her career.

The cruise—in the yacht Albion—enriched her. They visited Dakar, Bathurst, and Marseilles. Dorothy shot a crocodile. Sylvia caught an 8lb. fish.

But more important—she found herself being accepted. Without qualifications. Nobody patronised her; though she was

THE OBVIOUS

SYLVIA stayed on at Wharncliffe Gardens, looked after by her Aunt Nelly.

School behind her, Sylvia began to cast around.

There was one obvious place for an ambitious local girl to go in those days, and it was literally stamped on her face: The Great Central Station, a hundred yards down Lisson Grove.

(Five years later Bernard Shaw was to use this street as the birthplace for another girl with a success story: Eliza Doolittle at Pygmalion.)

It was a great improvement. True, the canal ran right below the windows of their new flat and the view was only of railway lines, coal heaps, and water towers—but there was sanitation. And courtyards in which the child could play.

As they sat down for their first meal in the new flat, Arthur Hawkes and his wife decided that the increase in rent—it was paying 9s. 6d. a week—was well worth it.

FAVOURITE GAME

LIFE at Wharncliffe was fun for "Louie," as she was called.

Her fair hair in curls, her accent unmistakably cockney, her gaity infectious, she played the days away.

"Kings and Queens" was her favourite game, though Theatre ran it a close second. All the plays—in which Sylvia invariably starred—were acted out on the stone steps of the flats. The price of admission was a toy windmill.

When it rained she stayed in and practised the piano, of which she was very good. Sometimes her mother took her down to the Working Men's Club, where she would stand on a table and sing.

Sunday she would always be dressed in white—and the family would go out in Hawke's pony-cart, winding up the day with drinks at The Welsh Harp at Hendon.

Life was fun, especially when, in 1910, Sylvia's sister, Lillian Vere was born. The two children adored each other.

It was a magic world. And most magical of all were the occasional visits to the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road, to which she was taken as a special treat. The gaudily gaudy of it all enthralled her. Sylvia attended school—at Goldsmith Street, just around the corner—the same year that the war ended in 1918.

Her father came back from the Army. He had been a sergeant in the Veterinary Corps. She applied for a job as a maid at Berlitz, the fashion

TEX MCLEOD

will spin ropes and yarns at the

MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

HOTEL METROPOLE

from Nov. 16th to 28th

Elsa Macfarlane,
Dorothy Field and Sylvia Hawkes
with their Ukeleles.
The usual FOLLIES Show.

Her name was in small type, but she was in the show that mattered, the show to which the smart set of London flocked in 1925. Handsome young Guards officers jostled at the stage door. The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor.

It was Madame Forsander, incidentally, who gave Sylvia the famous hairstyle which she wears even to this day. When she arrived at the Oxford Street salon her hair was in a fringe.

"There's no doubt about it," says Madame Forsander. "She is something. Why, within a few months of arriving as my saloon girl, was lunching along the streets of Piccadilly—she was expensive."

It was Madame Forsander, incidentally, who gave Sylvia the famous hairstyle which she wears even to this day. When she arrived at the Oxford Street salon her hair was in a fringe.

"There's no doubt about it," says Madame Forsander. "She is something. Why, within a few months of arriving as my saloon girl, was lunching along the streets of Piccadilly—she was expensive."

She altered her speaking voice until her accent was hardly recognisable. She worked hard at her dancing, which she enjoyed, and at her singing—though her voice was not very strong.

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear.

Heather Thimister, who was often to appear on the stage with Sylvia, said, "Sylvia, first step up the ladder."

It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal heap and canal was clear

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Magda Meyer reports on the Autumn-Winter collections in Germany



A cocktail dress of white lightweight wool shown at an autumn-winter collection in Turin. It has a tucked bodice, trimmed with straps of cedar-green lace motif. The skirt is full and cut on bias.

Eyes Are More Interesting Than Waistcoat Buttons

By Veronica Papworth

London. MY warmest congratulations to the ravishing Miss Sophia Loren for doing what very few English women have dared to do. She, who without doubt had some of the tallest men in the land at her feet, has elected to marry Signor Carlo Ponti who stands a mere 5 ft., 3 in. in his socks—(or, so they tell me). Vital statistics for film producers are not readily obtainable, but she's certainly 5 ft. 9 in.).

Now at my age I have learned that a man's height is of very little importance—though I dare say I cared about these things when I was very young.

My own feeling now is that if I am standing close to a chap I would definitely rather gaze into his eyes than his waistcoat buttons. So anything around 5 ft. 8 in. is all right with me.

But many women are madly sensitive about being seen with a man shorter than themselves.

THE LITTLE MAN

I once shared a studio with a tall girl who fell desperately in love with a short man.

She took to wearing flat sandals—walking about with moniklike feet sticking out beneath her smart skirts.

She wore flat berets too—at a time when hats were soaring higher and higher.

She developed roundish shoulders and a semi-sloping—hopping to crouch down to her boy-friend's level.

He did not like the change—and no wonder.

He had fallen for a tall, sprightly character—and that was the way he wanted her.

Oh dear, the scores and the fours.

"The family are furious," she would sob—"they say we look so funny together."

"Marry him," I used to urge her—"he's dynamite, your little man. He's the type that can't fail."

But she gave him back his ring and went off to South Africa.

And the little man? He became a hero in the commandos and a great success in business and the family of six children.

Which seems to prove something doesn't it?

CAN'T GO WRONG

THE answer to a maiden's prayer is a bottle of Via Rose," said My A. H. M. Thivaiol. "If a young man wants her the wise list and says 'What shall we drink?' she can't go wrong with Rose—and it won't be too hard on his pocket."

We sat round him—Christina Foyle, Eliza Kendall of *Vogue* and myself—drinking in this information together with a very fine claret. — Chateau Ormeau Larose 1950.

Mr. Thivaiol and his partner Mr. J. B. L. Hill are members

London Couturiers Inspired By New Fabrics

London. HIBISCUS—that's the colour for autumn, say the London fashion designers at the start of their couture week. It's a warm, glowing red which complements the mid-greys and muted browns which are the season's basic fashion colours.

And it's a shade that suits almost everybody.

Hibiscus red looks at its best for accessories—artless berets in stitched velvet pulled down on one side, long evening gloves to make a change from the inevitable black and white, elegant dark shoes that are equally good for day and evening wear.

You can, if you're keen, turn your hair hibiscus red, but it's better to confine your colour experiments to one or two streaks rather than sport a mischievous-looking crimson head.

Yes, London's couture week is on, the autumn colours have been launched and the buyers and fashion editors from over the world are in town to see what the designers have to offer.

"What have the collections got to do with you?" *Vogue* asked the buyers and media. "It's one thing

Varied Styles Created For Specific Occasions

WHILE British couturiers tend to turn to the wholesale market because they are unable to find a sufficient number of customers who can afford to pay the price of an exclusive model, German designers, in their current autumn/winter collections, have concentrated on designing clothes for specific occasions, relegating multi-purpose clothes to the background.

This is a complete change of policy and is due to the ever-higher living standard of a more discriminating class of consumers brought about by the economic consolidation in central Europe.

Since the war the German fashion houses, while following the dictates of fashion, have always borne in mind the importance of timeless elegance, designing clothes which could be worn on as many occasions as possible.

In the new autumn/winter collections, however, the German designers are promoting different clothes for different times of the day and for different purposes. For instance, the duty of the morning dress ends at 1 p.m.; a travel ensemble is for travelling only; the afternoon dress is created at cocktail time and dresses for the theatre are different from those worn at informal parties. Even leisure wear is being created with an eye to fitness of purpose.

In addition, there is a distinct trend for comfortable fashions. The relaxed look is best exemplified in full coats designed for perfect ease of movement. They are bulkier than ever and feature huge pockets and enormous sleeves of varying lengths. Fullness springs in gathers from a rounded, widened shoulderline and from various yoke treatments at the front and the back.

The casual top-style coat of a more severe straight silhouette and featuring revers, collar and patch pockets is still to be seen, most often in a subtle camel colour. This style is given a new touch by means of a belt casually knotted at the waist.

It is worth mentioning that single coats are gradually on their way out in Germany. Almost every coat is teamed with other matching garments to form an ensemble. Indeed, variations on the ensemble theme have never been more versatile and include clothes for all hours of the day.

The fabric manufacturers have been swift to take advantage of the numerous possibilities of this trend. Two, three and even four different patterns have a common factor; the same pat-

tern is available in both a fine and a coarse texture or in both a crisp and a fleecy fabric; or colour is used as the common denominator, for instance a coat in green and red Shetland is teamed with a worsted suit in which the red of the jacket and the green of the skirt match the colours in the coat.

The new season's suits are styled with fitness of purpose being the primary consideration. They range from classic town styles (which very often have a fur collar), through travel suits in "sporty" woollens such as tweeds, including Shetland and herringbone, to the elegant ensemble suit with a jacket which reaches down to about 6 inches above the knee.

Those in the last category by HANS GEHRINGER, whose sudden death shocked the German fashion world, deserve particular mention. His unusual, generously-cut, long jacket features rounded, low-mounted, cut-in-one sleeves, bloused balloon-shaped back and tiny side vents and is single-breasted. It is worn over a very slim skirt.

Widely promoted is the easy-to-wear and attractive travel suit comprising a jacket with a belt in self material or in a

plain leather. Another popular suit style is that with a rather unaccustomed brief, plump and tiny pockets. The suit jacket silhouette ranges from the lightly-fitted to the straight and brief. The latter is particularly evident in suits for the junior miss and is partnered by either a pleated or a slim skirt.

Although the dress-plus-jacket comes into the category of multi-purpose clothes, it is still to be seen this season because it fits into the ensemble theme. The prediction for contrasts in styling finds its expression in a slender dress accompanied by a brief, and very full jacket. While the bodice has disappeared completely, sashes and vests are much in evidence.

For morning dresses this season there are two very distinct silhouettes offering numerous styling possibilities. The first is the youthful dress which again favours a cut reminiscent of the Princess line. Then there are the slender, slenched dresses which follow the curves of the body and which, whether seam-ed at the waist or not, invariably feature a belt.

favoured fabrics for these dresses are a variety of stylized evening dresses.



French of London calls this hair style the "Hibiscus".

The hair is brushed forward over the forehead, up into the shape of a mantilla comb on the top of the head.

Back, with a bang, in crepe or rayon—it doesn't matter which. It's used for afternoon dresses, cocktail gowns and dinner gowns, and it's used in a different way—it brings it right up to 1957 fashion. It's not draped or pleated, it's not gathered, it's in a Marilyn Monroe-style sheath. It's fashioned into easy little dresses with slim skirts, slightly bloused tops, unbuttoned waistbands. They're the kind of dresses that make you look nothing on the bangle yet give you a casually elegant look when you wear them. They're the kind of dresses that make a perfect backdrop for good jewellery—or look perfectly good without it.

They're the kind of dresses that make the perfect backdrop for good jewellery—or look perfectly good without it.

They're the kind of dresses that make the perfect backdrop for good jewellery—or look perfectly good without it.



Milliner Rudolph shows "Fantasy", a feathered cocktail hat with a white ostrich perched on the top.

informal parties. All the couturiers showed full-length evening gowns, most of them with straight skirts.

Actress Vivien Leigh, who came to see Victor Stabel's show fall for two grand manner evening gowns—two dresses that, as one of Stabel's clients, shall probably be seen around in later on this year.

The first was a candy-striped evening gown of bright red draped Grecian-style over a narrow skirt. It was unpleased and full-length.

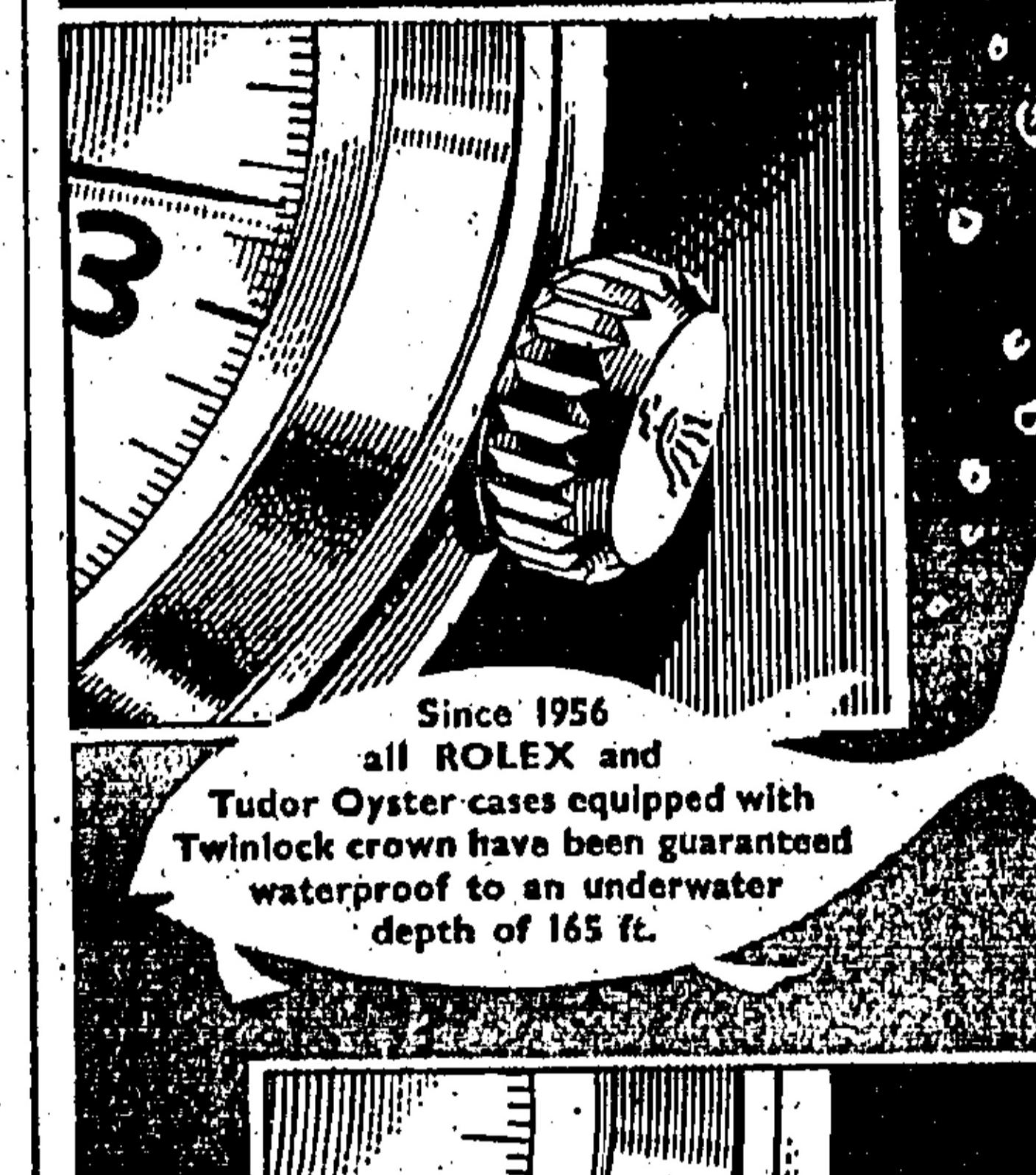
The second was an affective dress ensemble:

London. The autumn collections have arrived in London and the buyers are looking for something different. One of the most interesting new items is a

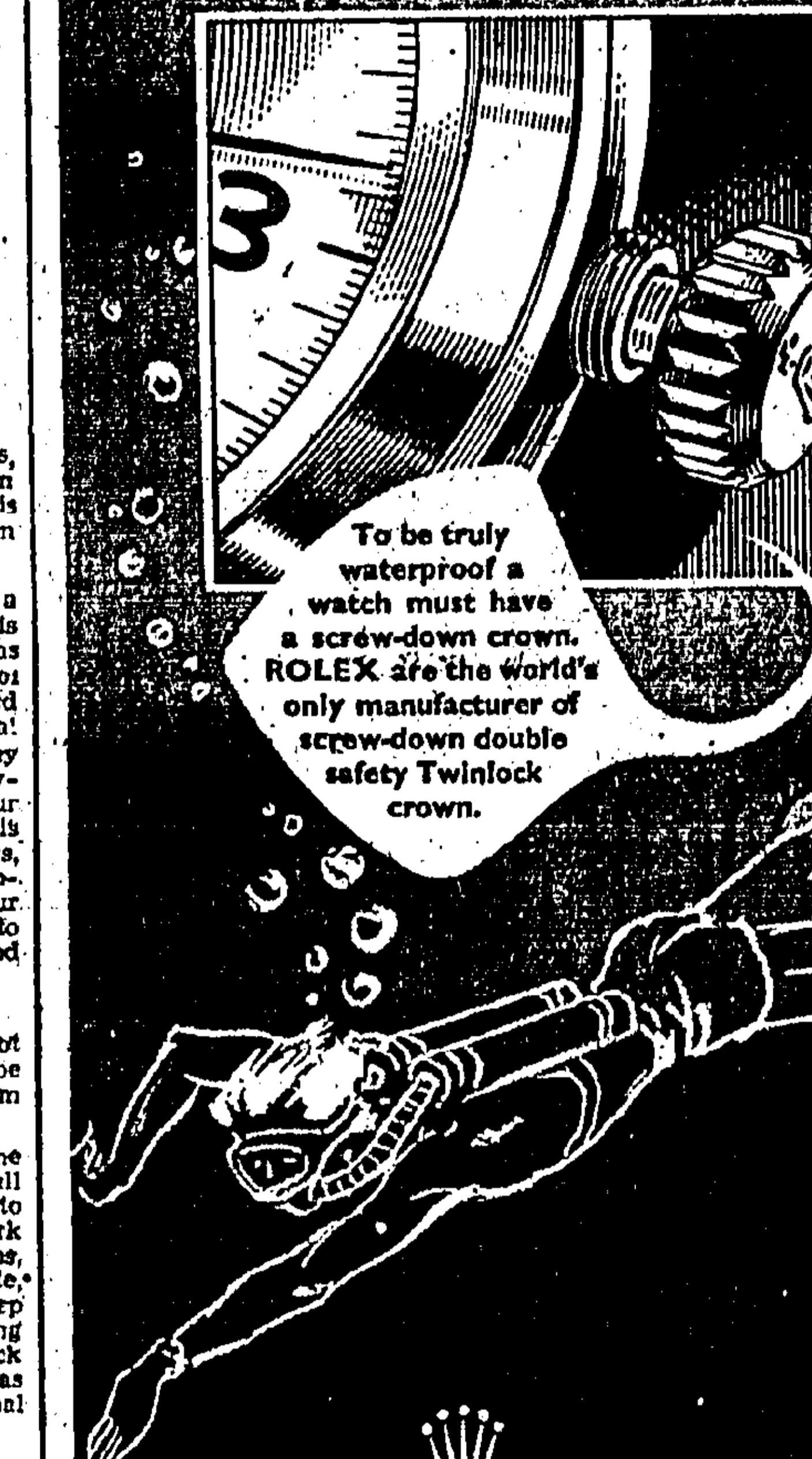
new item is a

27 fathoms down

—and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



Since 1956
all ROLEX and
Tudor Oyster cases equipped with
Twinlock crown have been guaranteed
waterproof to an underwater
depth of 165 ft.



To be truly
waterproof a
watch must have
a screw-down crown.
ROLEX are the world's
only manufacturer of
screw-down double
safety Twinlock
crown.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of
Time measurement

Let US handle

YOUR PRINTING

Too many proofs mean time wasted.

We grasp the point at the onset and

ONE PROOF generally suffices.

After that, our up-to-date automatic presses make short work of the job.

Let us quote for your current requirements.

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST
PRINTING DEPT.

For printing of every description. Telephone: 20002

Hazel Maycock



Battle scene behind them—but the battles being refought at the Ritz Garden were those of old girls of St Stephen's Girls' College at their annual Alumni Ball. Left to Right: Mr Tai Hon-fan, Miss K. D. Cherry (Headmistress), Mrs Tai (retiring President), Mr Ip, Tai-chiu, and the new President Mrs Chan Fung-chau.

RIGHT: The arrival at Kai Tak of C-in-C Far East Air Force, the Earl of Bandon for a short stay with the AOC (Hongkong) Air Commodore A. D. Messenger at Air House. The Earl, leading, his ADC, and Air Commodore Messenger are seen before the imposing engines of an RAF Hastings.



Mr and Mrs N. C. Chou arrive at the suitably guarded door of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club for a buffet supper in aid of the Hongkong Sea School.



CBF (Hongkong) Lt-General E. M. Bastyan is seen with Brig. J. G. C. Waldron (centre) aboard the troopship Asturias which carried men of the 1st Royal Sussex back to Blighty from Korea. The CO Lt-Col. R. B. de F. Sloeman is seen at left.

(Army News)
LEFT: Rotary Hospitality for Dr Norman Vincent Peale, the distinguished American preacher and religious writer, (left) who was entertained by Mr and Mrs W. S. Anderson at the Tai Tung Restaurant.

RIGHT: Colleagues of the groom pose with the bridal couple outside Rosary Church where David Chan of the Morning Post married Kathleen Wong.

(Staff Photographers)



The son of Dr. and Mrs. C. F. X. da Roza of Hongkong was married in Sussex recently—above Dr Anthony da Roza and his bride Narda Colbert.



PASSAGES
LAND • SEA • AIR
HOTELS • INSURANCE • FORWARDING

AMERLOYD

TRAVELLERS • STORAGE • BAGGAGE
CHEQUES • TRANSFERS

"Extra Service At No Extra Charge"

AMERICAN LLOYD TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
SHELL HOUSE • TEL. 31175

HONGKONG



SMILES (above) when C. Bonn and J. Reed came off the house cup for Balmoral House at the annual Minden Row Junior School swimming sports; and (right) when 20 men of the Green Howards arrived at the Hongkong Electric Co. Recreation Club to be entertained by the Society of Yorkshiremen in Hongkong.



Too Hot to Work?

Equip Your Place of Business
with a New Flush Mounted

PHILCO
Air Conditioner

On display at

GILMANS
GLOUCESTER ARCADE TEL. 3114



10-Year Governor returns . . . Sir Alexander, whose term has far outstripped that of any predecessor, returns from consultations with Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd.

LEFT: And the BOAC "Holiday Special" comes back with other citizens bound for a shorter stay.



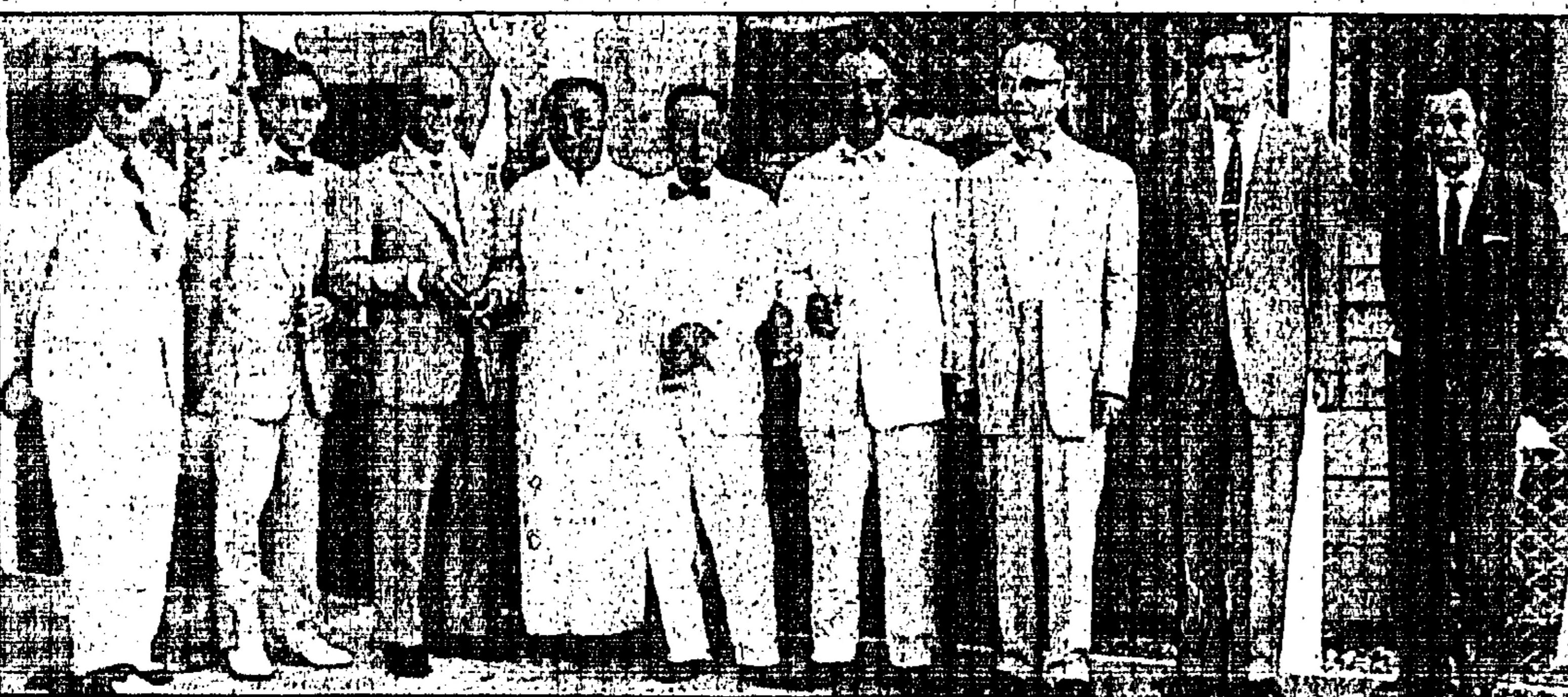
Sergeant Colin Kirk (RAF) and Josephine Blackhouse who were married at Union Church. (Staff Photographer)



Hongkong Contingent — 12 Scouts — wave farewell on their way to the World Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield. Many of them have invitations to stay with families in England when the Jamboree is done.

LEFT: Flight Sergeant William Pagon and his bride Flora Belcher are flanked outside St John's Cathedral by Flight Sergeant Kenneth Whittington and Mrs Jean Ariss (left) and Flight Lieutenant Phillipson with Barbara Whittington (right).

BELOW: Mr James O'Leary and his bride Margaret Rochol—and a cakie.



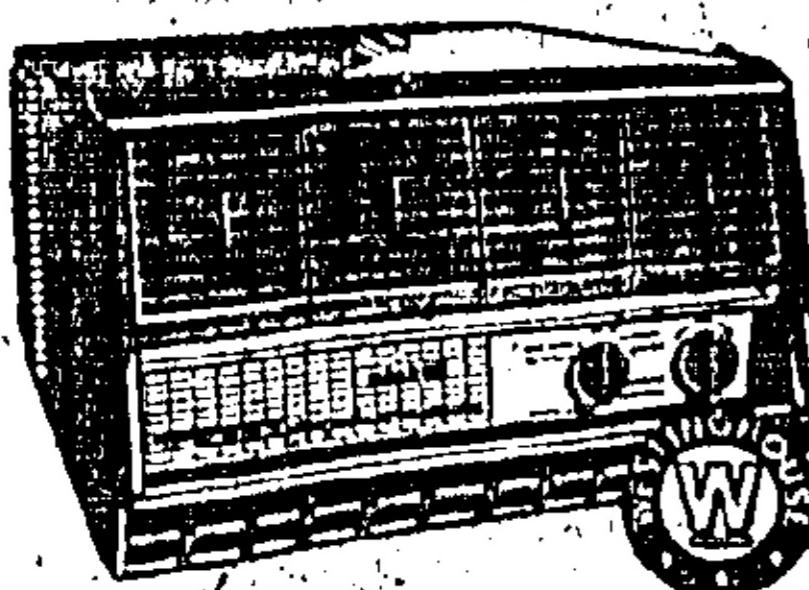
Judy Dunn and Judy Ann . . . the bigger one in 1952 was Miss Hongkong and lay 4th in the Miss Universe contest. Since that time she's become Mrs Tom Woo. Now she is back in Hongkong for a 3 months visit with her parents and hopes to squeeze a motion picture performance into the time as well. (Staff Photographer)

The Hon. J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, is seen with Hongkong Jaycees after opening their new playground for poor children at Shamshuiipo.

BELOW: More than 200 boys of 14 Cub Packs competed in the Colony Cub sports meeting at La Salle College. Some of the competitions didn't even need prizes. (Staff Photographers)



YOU CAN BE **SURE**
... IF IT'S
Westinghouse



**ALL NEW DE LUXE
AIR CONDITIONER**



DAVIE, BOOG & CO. LTD.
ALEXANDRA HOUSE • TELEGRAMS

**MACKINTOSH'S
ALEXANDRA HOUSE**

VAN BAY

**Van Heusen
PRODUCT.**

THIS SHIRT HAS A SEMI-STIFF COLLAR ATTACHED AND LOOKS WELL, WORN WITH A TIE OR OPEN NECK. SHORT SLEEVES, ONE BREAST POCKET, OPEN FRONT. WHITE ONLY. IDEAL FOR OFFICE WEAR.

ALSO
VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS STOCKED IN OTHER STYLES AND COLOURS.

GOOD CLOTHES • GOOD SERVICE

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Short Cardigan In Classic Style

MATERIALS: 4/4/5 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool, (Short Sleeves), 6/6/6 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool, (Long Sleeves), 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles, 5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: Width round underarms: 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ /34 $\frac{1}{2}$ /36". Length from top of the shoulder: 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ /17 $\frac{1}{2}$ /17". Length of short sleeve: seam: 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ /3 $\frac{1}{2}$ /3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Length of long sleeve: seam: 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ /17 $\frac{1}{2}$ /17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

TENSION: 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ sts. to 1", measured over 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit; p—purl; st—stitch; st.st.—stocking st. (1 row K. and 1 row P.); tog—together; beg—beginning; rep—repeat; Sl—slip one st. knitways; inc—increase.

NOTE: The first figures given are for the small size, the second figures for the medium size and, likewise, the third figures are for the large size. Where only one figure is given, it applies to all sizes.

BASIC

Cast on 97/105/113 sts.

1st row: Sl.1, * p.1, k.1, rep. from * to the end.

Rep. the 1st row 31 times. Proceed in st.st. as follows:

1st row: Sl.1 k. to the end,

2nd row: Sl.1 p. to the last st. k.1.

3rd row: Sl.1 k. 28/28/30, inc. in the next st., k. 40/44/48, inc. in the next st. k. to end.

Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in st.st. remain-

ing until 25/26/27 sts. Continue without further shaping until the armhole matches the back to the shoulder, finishing at the side edge.



following until 25/26/27 sts. inc. in the next st. k. to the main part. Cast off.

Continue without further shaping until the armhole matches the back to the shoulder, finishing at the side edge.

Shape Shoulder:

Cast off at the beg. of the next and each of the 2 alternate rows following: 8/8/0 sts. once, 8/8/0 sts. once, and 8/8/0 sts. once.

Left Front Border:

Slip the 17 sts. from the safety-pin to a needle, wrong side of the work facing. Rejoin the wool to the inside edge and proceed in moss st. as for the lower edge until the border is of sufficient length to fit comfortably up the front edge and halfway across the back of the neck. Cast off in moss st.

RIGHT FRONT

Proceed as for the Left Front

Cast off 7/8/9 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 2 rows, k.2 tog. at both ends of each of the following 8/10/12 rows. (99/101/103 sts.).

Continue without further shaping until the work measures 17" from commencement, finishing at the end of a P. row.

Shape Shoulders:

Cast off at the beg. of each of the next 6 rows as follows: 8/8/0 sts. twice, 8/9/0 sts. twice and 8/0/0 s.s. twice. Cast off the remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 57/61/65 sts. and work in moss st. as for the Back for 31 rows.

32nd row: Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 8 times, slip these 17 sts. to a safety-pin and leave for the front border, turn and proceed in st.st. as follows:

1st row: Sl.1, k. to the end, st.k.1.

2nd row: Sl.1, k. 10/12/14, inc. in the next st., k. to the end.

Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in st.st.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 57/61/65 sts. and work in moss st. as for the Back for 31 rows.

32nd row: Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 8 times, slip these 17 sts. to a safety-pin and leave for the front border, turn and proceed in st.st. as follows:

1st row: Sl.1, k. to the end, st.k.1.

2nd row: Sl.1, k. 10/12/14, inc. in the next st., k. to the end.

Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in st.st.

EXPERTS DESCRIBE TRAITS OF NEW MAN-MADE FIBRES

St Louis. HOME economists asked the experts, "What can the American housewife expect of the newer synthetic fabrics?"

The experts, gathered at the national convention of the American Home Economics Association, formed a panel to answer.

Bernard F. Bertrand of the Chemstrand Corp. and Acrilan is designed for a specific use.

He said Joyce of 100 per cent.

Acrilan, and blankets and carpet staples are easily washable and quick drying.

The fabric resists shrinking, sagging and stretching, he said.

And because it is a strong fibre, Acrilan will wear longer.

Drapery fabric woven of Fiberglas can be washed and rehung with no ironing in a matter of minutes, Richard Deacon of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. said.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Short Cardigan In Classic Style

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts. k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st. k.1.

K2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows end at the same time.

K2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row.

Keeping the armholes straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

ON HIS WAY: THE FIRST MAN FROM OUTER SPACE . . .

FOR SHEER COOL NERVE...I THINK
THIS SAGA RANKS WITH SOME OF
THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME...

IT is the story of the year. It is human and it is melodramatic. It has simplicity and grandeur. You can look at it as one man's adventure. Or you can see in it a new milestone in the saga of mankind.

It is a simple story. One morning in the near future two young men will go on a journey. They will travel in an aluminium cylinder attached to a plastic bag filled with helium gas. This balloon will be released and will rise for one and a half hours or more. Then, when the two men in the cylinder have passed 100,000ft and have ventured further from the earth than any other before them, they will return.

One man will return to the earth in the gondola of the balloon. The other will come back by himself.

The plan is that a young made human being shall cast himself into space some 20 miles above the earth.

Like a meteorite he will fall through the freezing void. He will hurtle through the cloud layers and only when he is 10,000ft. above the earth will his parachute open.

This journey from space may last 10 minutes. Ten minutes is a long time. If you are falling through space 10 seconds is a long time.

It is a long, long, long time in space.

This human being is to risk his life for a specific purpose. Scientists want to know if men will be able to abandon safely the aeroplanes which, before long, will fly this high.

The first field research into the future problems of spacemen manning project man-made satellites must begin.

Other forms of life, from apes to fruit flies, have been fired into space, riding in rockets, and they have returned with the stories that scientific instruments tell for them.

But before men can venture into this no-man's land, one man must be willing to sacrifice himself on the first patrol.

The man who is willing to do this happens to be an American. It would be just as exciting if he was a Russian or a Briton.

He is a typical, intelligent, healthy, male human being. He will be our representative in space. It is likely that he will be a Captain Henry Nielson.

The forces that Captain Nielson will meet during his plunge into this unknown place would, a few years ago, have been regarded as insuperable.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



NEXT WEEK: THE CHESS KINGS

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



AUSTIN!
THE CAR
for your
HOME LEAVE
METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.

"POLAROUTER"
UNIVERSAL GENÈVE

Head Office Address:
Austin Watch Co., 20 Des Voeux Road, C.
Ross D'Or Watch Co., 33 Queen's Road, C.
Tal Seni Watch Co., 104 Des Voeux Rd, C.
Budan Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.
Budan Watch Co., 77 Queen's Road, C.
Estate Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.
Lee Tang Fung Watch Co., 170 Des Voeux Road, C.
U.S.

Global protection: The "POLAROUTER" has Universal Geneva's celebrated automatic movement shock resistant anti-magnetic and highly accurate.

The Court of Last Resort steps in



DR SAM SHEPPARD
Committed December 1954.

officials—they called us meddlers and we had no official standing. But since that first case in which we cleared a man called Clarence Boggie, in Walla Walla, Washington, we have been getting stronger support.

"Sometimes even we've convinced the District Attorney who prosecuted that there had been a miscarriage of justice.

"We can tackle only about eight cases a year. There is an exhaustive check, of course, before we begin. A prisoner must have exhausted every legal remedy, he must have no ordinary legal help.

"So far as we know there is no other organisation anywhere in the world like the Court of Last Resort. But Gardner is taking a deep interest on his visits to Britain in the procedure of the Home Office, and maybe some day in America we will have a system like that."

Fantastic'

The court is running into trouble in Columbus. Judge Edward Murphy, who was on the Bench during the 10-week trial of Dr Sheppard, protested: "It's nothing short of fantastic that a group of private individuals who have no evidence to offer should be allowed inside the Ohio penitentiary to meddle with a prisoner."

But the Court of Last Resort is not likely to be held back by hard words.

It never has been. And if Eric Stanley Gardner has anything to do with it, it never will.

No fees

Helping them are Gene Lowell, newspaper reporter turned investigator, and Mrs Lucille Wright, assistant to Steeger.

Lowell, explaining the set-up, said: "There is a constant flow of appeals for help. Maybe 20 a week from prisoners, from relatives and do-gooders.

"Many of the appeals are bare-faced attempts to get out of prison, and Mrs Wright and I, who screen the letters, can usually spot them right away.

"But when we are convinced an appeal is genuine we put it to court members by telegram and phone calls. They decide when to step in."

"No fee is ever charged a prisoner, no matter how expensive the case. Somebody interviews the prisoner, others call on relatives and officials, and the detective team are made.

"When we have enough new evidence to establish our case it is presented to the proper authorities and they take over. "These poor souls we have freed had gone through every legal trick in the book right up through the Appeals Court and even to the Supreme Court, and lost out. Yet we were able to satisfy everyone they had been imprisoned, usually for life, on mistakes."

"We had a lot of trouble at first getting co-operation from

Henry Lowrie

On Sale At
SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST, LTD.
KOWLOON

THIS is the Gin



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
QUEEN ELIZABETH II & CO.

Quality Incomparable
Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Solo Distributor: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED.

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS	
The Guinness Book of Records	\$ 9.50
Chinese Crafts & Customs Vol. I	18.00
Chinese Crafts & Customs Vol. II	18.00
Baby Book	25.00
This is Hong Kong	8.50
The Hong Kong Countryman (Herklot)	25.00
Coronation Glory	7.50
King George VI	7.50
It's Fun Finding Out — 2nd series (Bernard Wicksteed)	10.00
Express Annual	4.50
Rupert Annual 1957-B	1.00
Rupert Magazines	3.00
Stamp Albums	1.50
Ten Points About Pearls	1.50
Points on Judging Jade	0.30
Outline Relief Map of China	0.30
" " Asia	0.30
Moomin Music Sheet	2.00
Korean Artists	12.00



THIS WATCH WAS
FLIGHT TESTED FOR YOU!

The Universal POLAROUTER, worn by all SAS flight captains.

Flight-tested accuracy is yours with the Universal POLAROUTER, the self-winding watch that keeps the flight captains of S.A.S. (Scandinavian Airlines System) on time in all parts of the world.

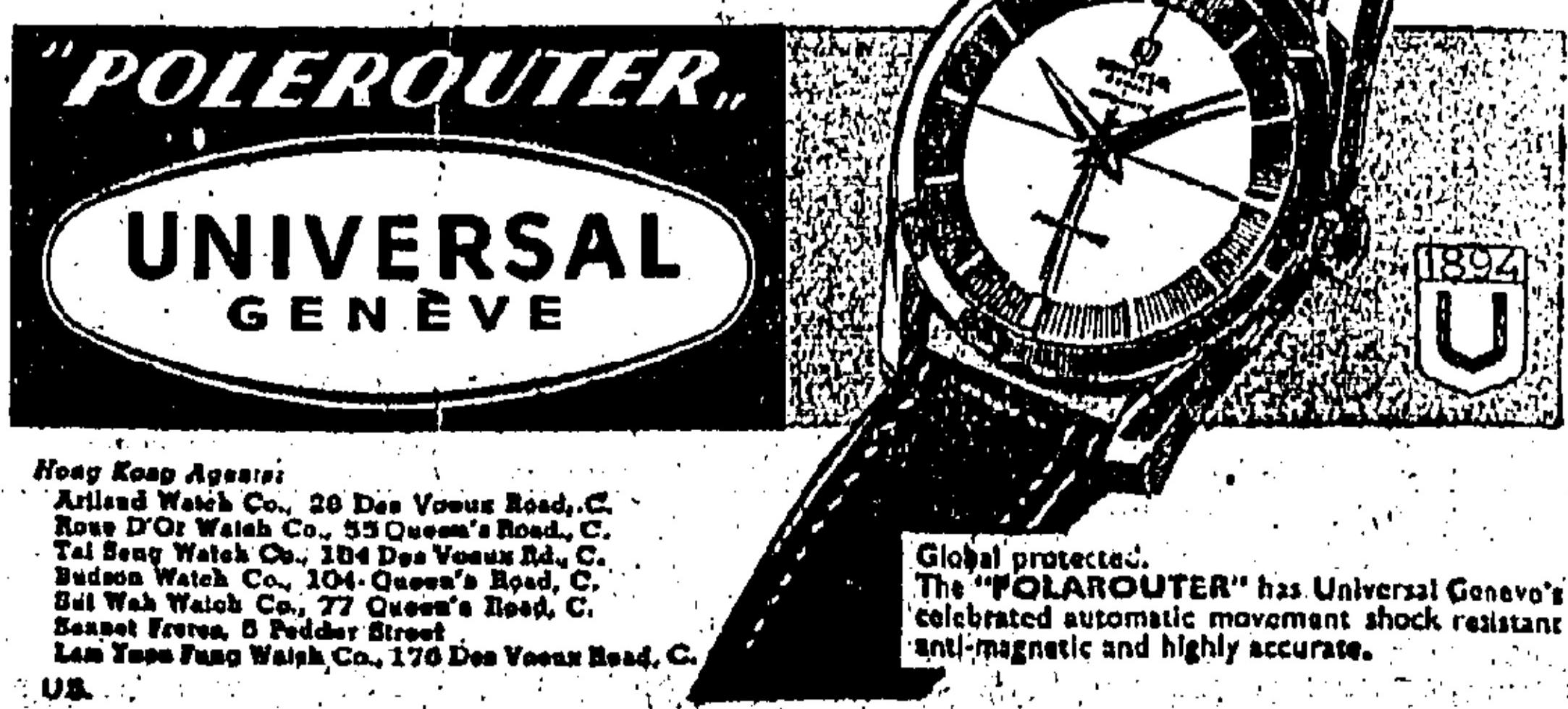
The success story of the POLAROUTER began on November 15, 1954. On that day, S.A.S. opened the top of the world to commercial aviation. Flying the direct transpolar route from Europe to the U.S. West Coast, S.A.S. flight crews needed a watch they could trust.

Universal, whose factory is the most modern in Switzerland, designed the watch and fittingly named it the POLAROUTER.

Today, some 10,000 flying hours and over 50 million passenger miles later, flight captains on the entire, worldwide S.A.S. network keep on time with Universal POLAROUTER watches.

So can you.

And you will be wearing a watch that's as handsome and up-to-date as the sleek silver birds on which the POLAROUTER was flight-tested for you.



A Man of Little Faith in the GREAT AMERICAN DREAM

MARQUAND'S prose is a kind of mental purgative. His countrymen shudder at the thought of him—as small boys shudder at the thought of castor oil.

But they read him because they feel better for it. Those who have achieved the success advocated by the National Association of Manufacturers and extolled by the whisky advertisements feel better because Marquand underestands them well enough to bring to the surface whatever trace of humanity remains within. Those who have not felt better in the realisation that life at the top is not good often all.

John P. Marquand was clearly born to purge the mighty. His family had been rich New Englanders with pedigrees going back to 1732 when the first Marquand sailed from Guernsey.

PROFILE
JOHN PHILLIPS MARQUAND
by Les Armour

The first American-born Marquand managed comfortably in the twin businesses of merchant and privateer, and, indeed, became so rich that he left his hands to thy servant but him enough.

But John P.'s father was ruined in the great financial panic of 1907. As a consequence of his father's downfall, he went to live with two maiden aunts. "I was a well-bred little boy and the rug was pulled out from under me," he explains. There are those who think that he did not fall very far.

He went to a decent school and on to Harvard. But it was

the wrong school and, consequently, he was not elected to any of the socially acceptable clubs at Harvard.

From there he went to work in an advertising agency. Clearly, however, his disillusionment with the Great American Dream was already so deep-set that he was doomed to failure.

His employer tactfully suggested that he retire from the business on the grounds that he did not have the "business instinct."

Promptly, he wrote a bad historical novel—and sold it for two thousand dollars.

Shortly afterwards he was approached by a couple of young men who wanted to interest him in putting up a little money for a new magazine. Marquand counted his money and decided that he needed a new pair of shoes. He accordingly refused to lend any.

The magazine was "Time."

Marquand, however, had no need of a magazine to help him make his money. By the middle twentys—when he was in his early thirties—he was a best-selling novelist.

Good to quit Boston

By this time, too, he had married Christine Sedgwick, daughter of a rich Bostonian.

Marquand found his in-laws a little irritating. They found him a doubtful quantity. Novelists, after all, are apt to be a little unstable.

The break came when Marquand decided to blow the top off Beacon Hill with a book called "The Late George Apley."

The book chronicled the ritualistic emptiness and ultra-genteel snobbery which concealed a sort of robber-baron rapacity.

Christina looked at the manuscript and said quietly:

"That's a good book to write if you want to leave Boston."

The book was finally published in 1937, the year in which Marquand married his second wife, Adelaide Hooker.

Thereafter, the snobs and the tycoons had little peace.

Marquand, meanwhile, moved comfortably into his present home on Kent's Island, Newburyport, Massachusetts, and settled down to enjoy a close-up view of the devastation he wreaked.

At the same time, he invented

Mr Moto, a gentlemanly Japanese detective whose adventures with crime were entirely

harmless and incredibly profitable to Mr Marquand. Now, after a suitable interlude, allowing those in power the war might have dulled appreciation of Mr Moto to recover their balance, Marquand has revived him.

This time he is working, naturally, for American intelligence and he is not quite so carefree.

The time matters, he deals with now have a slightly nightmarish quality, indicating perhaps that years of pumping high explosive at his countrymen have left Marquand himself a little shell-shocked.

Mr Moto, however, was never more than a diversion.

The serious business went on—through "H. M. Pulham, Esq., 'So Little Time,'" "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A." The last chapter, published in 1955, was called "Sincerely, Wills Wayde."

Wayde, a young man who scrambles up the industrial ladder through the offices of an ancient Bostonian family, the Marquands, lives long enough to take over their business and close it down ruthlessly.

Naturally Wayde starts out as a young man whose ideals are those of the Saturday Evening Post's industrial commentator—tempered only by the desire to get ahead. And, naturally, the tempering eventually kills the test bed conscience. That faint conscience is described in loving detail by Marquand. To him it is his otherwise totally repellant characters.

The Marquand thesis is, simply, that the unfettered pursuit of material goods and the pursuit of the good life are totally incompatible.

The veneer of "good life"

provided on by the proper Bostonians involves either living in a world bearing no relation to reality or living a constant hypocrisy.

Naturally, this has not made him especially popular—no matter how many maochists may queue up to buy his books.

Marquand said not so long ago: "I have three friends and two of them don't like me."

Overground Sabotage

That, of course, is an exaggeration but, if it were not for the fact that the white-haired, soft-voiced Marquand gives every outward appearance of living and liking the good aristocratic life, there would no doubt be a lot of people interested in investigating him for subversion. If anyone has subverted the American Way of Life it is certainly Marquand.

The trouble is he doesn't live like a subversive. And he has even remained, as he was born, a Unitarian.

What could be more proper than a Unitarian Harvard man with a farm on Kent's Island and membership cards to the Century and the Somerset Clubs?

Yes, parties can be so very awkward



WATCH for this name:

Shura Cherkassky. It

belongs to a bouncing, vital

little man—full height 5 ft,

who is fast becoming one

of the best-known names

in British concert halls,

In the last year Cherkassky

has climbed from the ranks of

the almost unknown, playing to

half-empty concert halls and

unenthusiastic audiences, to

the leading pianists of Europe.

Because of his height the artist

presents an astonishing picture

as he plays.

He wriggles

NOW, in the last few years,

Cherkassky has started

concentrating his appearances

on the piano in Europe. Why?

In an accent that still has

more than a trace of Russia he

sits, stabbing at the keys on

the way like a hen pecking corn.

To play with both hands to

the bottom of the piano

Cherkassky repeats his wriggle

back along the stool. To play

with one hand at the top of the

keyboard and one hand at the

bottom he almost stands up.

He swims

Now, in the last few years,

Cherkassky has started

concentrating his appearances

on the piano in Europe. Why?

In an accent that still has

more than a trace of Russia he

sits, stabbing at the keys on

the way like a hen pecking corn.

To play with both hands to

the bottom of the piano

Cherkassky repeats his wriggle

back along the stool. To play

with one hand at the top of the

keyboard and one hand at the

bottom he almost stands up.

"I don't drink because it brings out the worst in me. It can be very awkward when people give champagne parties. When I say I don't drink, they think I am nuts. I am not. A few drinks make me so objectionable I don't even like myself."

He knows

“THERE'S another thing. It must be psychopathic, but after I have had just a few drinks the next morning I can't play.

"I know I ought to get myself analysed. I live in Nice, where even the children drink wine. But I find it is easier not to drink.

"The trouble is that when I have had a few drinks I feel I can play better. I know I can't. My fingers won't work. Now I have worked out a plan. When I sit down to play I try to imagine I have got something to do. To feel a little intoxicated." Cherkassky is not only tactful—he is also a three-day-a-week abstainer from good food.

"There is nothing I like better than a good meal. But my doctor says I am too fat. Anyway, nobody likes a pudgy little man.

"Three days a week I just go on fruit and milk. I can't go on a steady diet. I don't like it. So for the other four days I eat what I like. It's marvelous."

But is it effective?

"I don't know. I don't think so. But it's marvelous."

To sample the pre-diet Cherkassky, listen to his recordings of the Tchaikovsky First and Second Piano Concertos (Deutsche Grammophon, D.G.M. 18913 and 18922, 33 rpm).

Cherkassky's unique technique produces notes that are normally never heard—but should be. He can be tender and delicate, stern and exciting. His interpretation has pure beauty. His try-to-feel-drunk idea comes through—even on a record.

But better still go and hear him in person. He is one of the few pianists well worth watching.

RECORDS

by

PETER

BUCHAN

PHILIPS

Dry Battery Sets

AND

Auto Radios



The only **B-C-AMPLI**
sets in the world



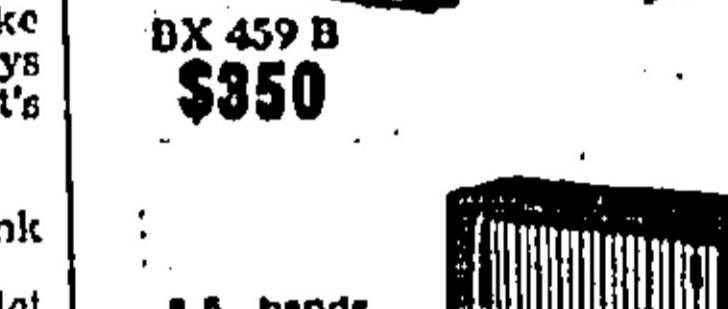
• 2 bands
• 4 valves
• 5" loud-speaker
\$109.50



• 3 bands
• 4 valves
• 5" loud-speaker
\$205



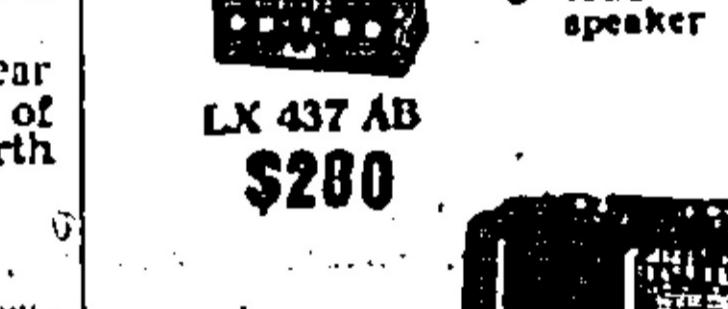
• 5 bands
• 7 valves
• 5" loud-speaker
\$350



• 5 bands
• 6 valves
• 5" loud-speaker
\$490



• 5 wavebands
• 6 valves
• Tuned R.F.
stage
• 7" loud-speaker
\$280

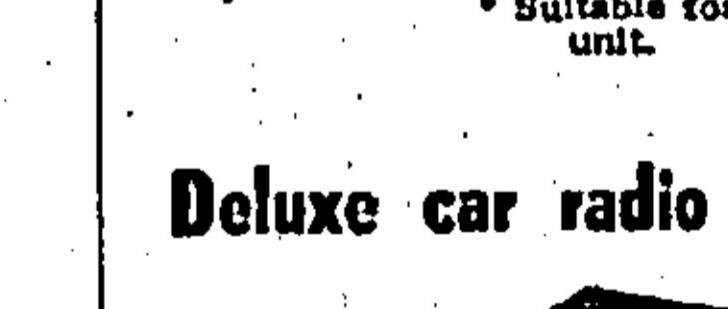


• 5 wavebands
• 6 valves
• Tuned R.F.
stage
• 7" loud-speaker
\$480

Popular car radio



• 1 band receiver
• 4 valves
• 5" loudspeaker
• 2 position tone switch
• Suitable for S.W. unit
\$250



• 4 wavebands
• 6 valves
• 6" loud-speaker
• 3 position tone control
• Suitable for S.W. unit
\$420

for those who care
HEAR the difference

Sole Agents:

GODDARD & CO. LTD.

103 Victoria House

Tel: 37996

Sole Distributors:

CENTRAL RADIO & ELECTRIC CO.

60 Nathan Road, Kowloon

Tel: 60674

AUTHORIZED DEALERS

AMATEUR RADIO & ELECTRIC CO.

74 Wo Wo Street, Hongkong

AMUNRAHAN HAHN & ELECTRIC CO.

60 Nathan Road, Kowloon

CHUNG YUEN ELECTRICAL CO.

71 Des Voeux Road C, Hongkong

HOP FAT ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

*The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport***WHERE IS ALL THIS MODERN ATHLETIC PROGRESS GOING TO END?****Asks I. M. MacTavish**

According to an ancient tale there was once a young man who was so imbued with the idea that he could emulate the flying habit of birds that he made himself a large pair of wax wings.

His progressive daring was ill rewarded. His wings melted in the heat of the sun and he came to a sad and premature end in the sea.

His deeds — ambitious as they were — brought him only contemporary ridicule. 'Birds may fly but men must walk' seems to be the only emotion which he aroused.... and when, within the span of present day life, the forerunners of our modern aviators started to fly their so-called nefarious machines, the sceptics merely changed their critical tunes to a new theme.

This time they plugged away at the suggestion that the human frame would never stand up to the strains and stresses of high speed... and don't forget that in those early days of flying high speeds were something very different from what we now mean by the term.

The sides today hold a complete answer to these doubts. Men fly regularly at speeds far beyond the comprehension of the ordinary land bound mortal, and physiological research proves that the human frame can in fact withstand a great deal of punishment.

LIMITS

After watching the TV film of Derek Ibbotson's miracle mile at the White City, London, I found myself thinking along lines that were strangely parallel to the ones I have stated above.

I got to thinking in comparatively recent times about the "absolute" limits of human effort, and the lasting damages that would almost certainly arise from trying to exceed them. It is a line of thought that has started many a highly scientific argument and I was rather pleased to hear of a comment which is being attributed to one who is closely connected — internationally — with the study of such matters. He is reported as saying that if they are doing nothing else the modern athletes are showing the clever scientists just how little they really UNDERSTAND the human frame, particularly when it is inspired by human will.

A LOGICAL END

It is certainly a provocative thought. If one wanted to be really thorough it would be worthwhile following it to a logical end.... and may be some time when I have a period of relaxation I might do just that.

For the moment, however, I must confess I find the background thoughts to Ibbotson's mile strangely fascinating... and I find that in varying degrees it has also been engrossing the thoughts of many others in the Colony who have a special interest in our varied and active world of sport.

I asked four prominent local sportsmen where they thought it was all going to end... in other words 'How long can athletes go on breaking records

...including those like the four-minute mile, so long thought to be 'impossible.'

One well-known runner said that he believed it was all a matter of applied science and that, theoretically at least, there was no such thing as an end.

"Nowadays we have built up a wide miscellany of training methods. Each and every one of these has its merits; but it is becoming more and more obvious that, by a process of scientific elimination, we are approaching a new standard of perfection in the preparation of athletes and this is fact removing the word 'impossible' from the vocabulary of athletics."

"I believe that progress, as far as record breaking is concerned, will still go on... but the margin of improvement will get smaller and smaller and, I forecast the day when it may be necessary to find a completely new method of lining up an athlete's performance in order to record the measure of improvement...."

CONSIDERABLE

The second sportsman to whom I put the question has the benefit of specialist medical knowledge and he emphasized the fact that there has been considerable overall progress in the study of the physiological potential of human beings. He said "new knowledge as to endurance and stamina has provided, in its turn, a fresh field of study to determine just how the information can best be used to advantage.... and so the cycle goes on." Record breaking, as such, is frequently the fruits of these two fields of scientific study... even if the athletes who do the actual record breaking do not fully realize it."

This was a most illuminating conversation and I was particularly impressed by the logical progression of thought. It was pointed out to me, for example, that athletic improvement has not been confined to any single event or type of event. My learned friend went on to say "Today men are running faster than ever before... but they are also jumping further; jumping higher; swimming faster; cycling faster; throwing weight; and so on. All these factors are the most important single point, and one which should never be overlooked, in that women are regularly chalking up exactly the same sort of progressive achievements. In fact, many of the records being set by the women of today would have satisfied the male athletes or not to very long ago."

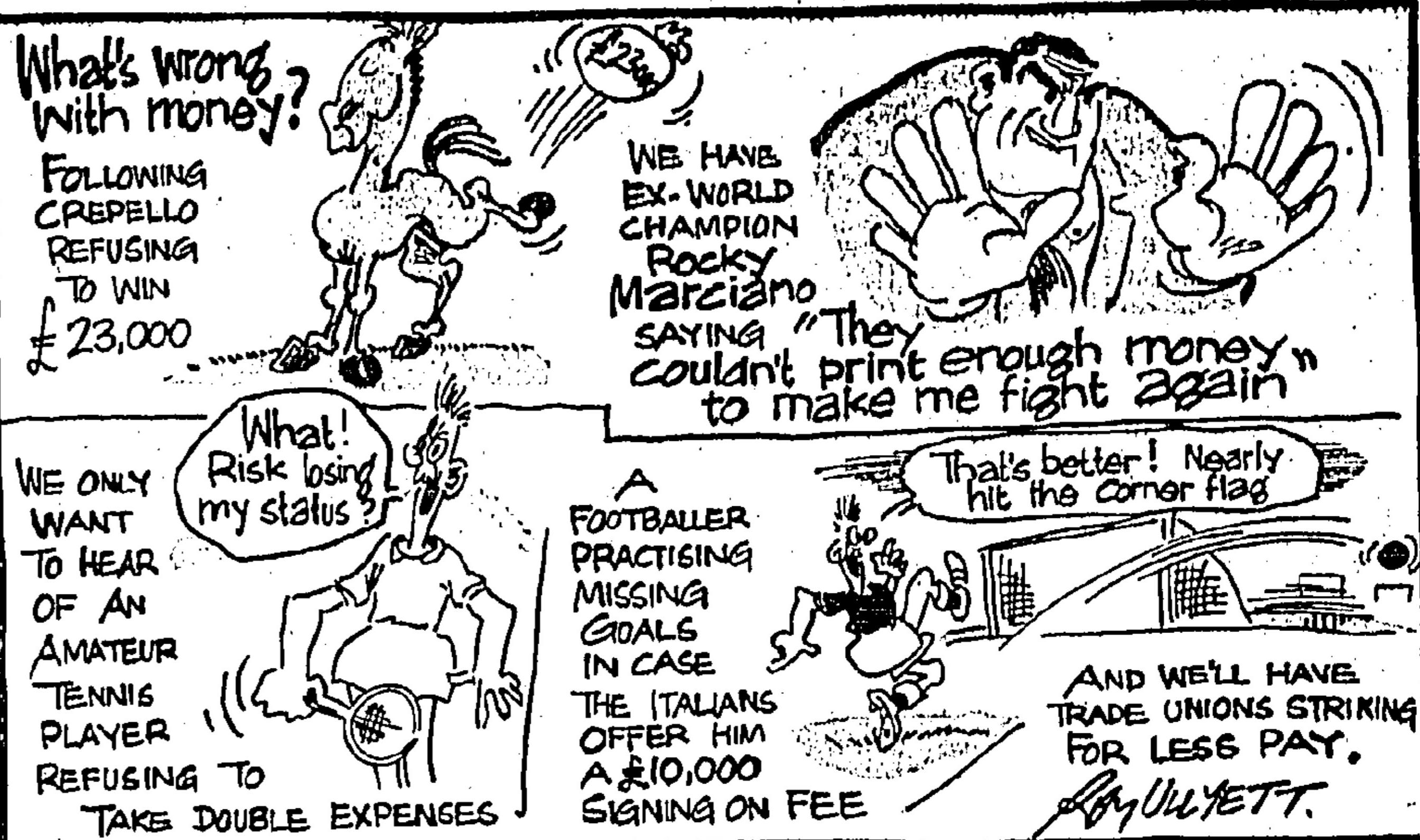
THE THIRD PERSON

The third person confronted with my inquiry is a young man who is at present doing his National Service here in Hong Kong. He is in fact young enough to be excused any ignorance of the vital sporting achievement that has been recorded in the last 20 years, but he has no lack of an opinion on the question of modern athletic standards. His comments are most enlightening. He said "You older types (!) FILLED THAT FOR FUTURE COMMENT" I. M. MOT) forget that young athletes like me do not regard

it as a matter of personal regret that I was unable to bring this young man face to face with the last person who discussed the question with me. This time it was an old gentleman who once put up some pretty good performances in his own right, away back in what he now calls 'the days when men still pitted their ability against each other.' whose only desire was to be appreciated, and whose thoughts had reached the stage when they occupied a tussle between muscle and pocket watch in the light of an athletic encounter!"

In the years to come" he said, "many of the present day athletes will be able to tell you the exact time they took for a specific event on a specific day at a specific place... but I'll bet they couldn't tell you the names of the men who were pitted against them in the race! That isn't the kind of competition I wanted. I set out to prove, if I could, that I was a better man than my opponent.—Racing against minute and second hands of a watch seems to me to be a poor substitute... but maybe I'm just being old fashioned, so don't be too unkind to me in print." The end was reached when men took on watches instead of opponents."

Well, there are four very different points of view. Together they make interesting food for thought... so maybe you would like to chew over the intriguing question "Where is all this modern athletic progress going to end...?"

ROY ULLYETT ON THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL**THE STANLEY MATTHEWS STORY****A WORLD TEAM WITHOUT STAN ON THE RIGHT WING IS UNTHINKABLE**

Says TREVOR HILTON

If ever one man or one thing won a Cup Final it was Stanley Matthews and his magic at Wembley in 1953. Although today Stan would not agree, there was no doubt that Stanley felt this was really his last chance to win that coveted winner's medal.

Remember that was his third final. He had played in that 1948 classic of the post-war period when Blackpool was beaten by Manchester United. And I shall never forget how, after Blackpool had gone down to Newcastle in 1951, the slight, bowed figure walked slowly back to the dressing room, not casting a glance at the wildly celebrating Newcastle players.

He walked all alone, and till make it 3-2, it still seemed that whole figure seemed to be expressing the thought in all our minds: that this was the last chance, and now it had gone. But we were all wrong, and now he was making his third attempt.

And yet with 25 minutes to go, it seemed odd on that Stan Matthews was failing to be unlucky again. For despite the fact that Bolton had Eric Bell a cripple, hobbling gallantly but ineffectually on the left wing, they were leading 3-1, and there were few who thought Blackpool could pull the game out of the net.

But one man did, and decided to do something about it. Stan Matthews. Taking advantage of a series of dream passes from little Eric Taylor, Matthews proceeded to electrify the crowd and completely bewilder Bolton with brilliance such as only he can produce.

He tempted, tantalised, and tore the harassed Bolton defence to pieces. His dribbling and wizard passing reached a standard unparalleled even by his standards. The ball seemed attached to his feet and his crosses and passes were so accurate that it seemed he was controlling them by radar.

Now it seemed we were headed for extra time. Those few minutes ticked by and then, with only 40 seconds left, the old maestro got the ball again and started off on yet another of his destroying dribbles. On and on he went until he reached the bye-line, and then, in a split second before he lost his balance, he hooked the ball back into the goal mouth, and there was Bill Perry waiting to claim Matthews his medal.

And so, dramatically, Blackpool had won the game and Stan his medal and it was right that his delirious colleagues should rush to congratulate and thank him. A few moments later he had climbed up to the Royal Box to receive his medal from the Queen, and hear her say: "Well done!"

It was no lonely figure that left the field on this occasion: he was chaired off by his team-mates to an ovation which has not even been equalled by Wembley Stadium's greatest. Not even the most rabid Bolton fan, however, bitterly disappointed at seeing the Cup snatched out of their grasp by sheer football magic, grudging Matthews his medal.

HIS AMBITION

Now that he has achieved his ambition, the knowing ones started saying that soon he would be hanging up his boots and retiring. Stan said nothing, he just got on with his training, kept his own counsel and continued playing—playing, what is more, with even greater skill.

It did not look particularly dangerous as the defensive wall lined up. But Mortensen ran up to the ball and by some miracle found a gap and creased the ball into the back of the net and Blackpool had drawn level.

Now it seemed we were headed for extra time. Those few minutes ticked by and then, with only 40 seconds left, the old maestro got the ball again and started off on yet another of his destroying dribbles. On and on he went until he reached the bye-line, and then, in a split second before he lost his balance, he hooked the ball back into the goal mouth, and there was Bill Perry waiting to claim Matthews his medal.

For to them in England team, or for that matter a world team, without Stanley Matthews on the right-wing is unthinkable.

It just does not make sense.

Yet all this tends to baffle Matthews. Generally acclaimed as the greatest footballer on earth, he finds it impossible to describe, how or why he does what he does; similarly he cannot, for instance, demonstrate his body swerve.

And yet, if you try to analyse Matthews' play, it is difficult to appreciate that he is the genius he is. After all, he rarely heads the ball; basically he has only one trick, and that is a flick with the outside of his right foot, and his left foot is not as strong as his right. Admittedly he has that body swerve, and that devastating burst of acceleration, but surely, one might argue, he has played against must have mastered these things and known exactly what to expect.

Well, the fact is they haven't and no one ever has. And so one is forced to the conclusion that it is all done by magic.

Matthews' magic... now comes the moment... for



is convinced that he is 100% fit.

A STRONG WILL

It is equally true that his quiet manner can be most misleading, for behind it there is a strong will which never waivers when he believes something is wrong.

An example of this is when he found things at Stoke as pleasant as he felt they could be and staggered the football world by asking for a transfer. It was not until after there had been a packed Towns meeting demanding "Matthews Must Not Go" and the troubles had been ironed out, that he withdrew his request and stayed on for another nine years.

But most of those years were during the war and Stan was in the RAF. And it was during these years that he discovered Blackpool and decided to make this home there. He guested regularly for the soldiers during the war and shortly afterwards Stoke transferred him to Blackpool for the incredibly low figure of £11,000—surely the biggest bargain there ever has been in the history of soccer transfers.

Still, Stan was approaching his mid-thirties, then—possibly Stoke also fell into the trap of thinking that Stan had not many more seasons to play.

And yet, if you try to analyse Matthews' play, it is difficult to appreciate that he is the genius he is. After all, he rarely heads the ball; basically he has only one trick, and that is a flick with the outside of his right foot, and his left foot is not as strong as his right. Admittedly he has that body swerve, and that devastating burst of acceleration, but surely, one might argue, he has played against must have mastered these things and known exactly what to expect.

Well, the fact is they haven't and no one ever has. And so one is forced to the conclusion that it is all done by magic.

**Sports Diary****TODAY****Bowls**

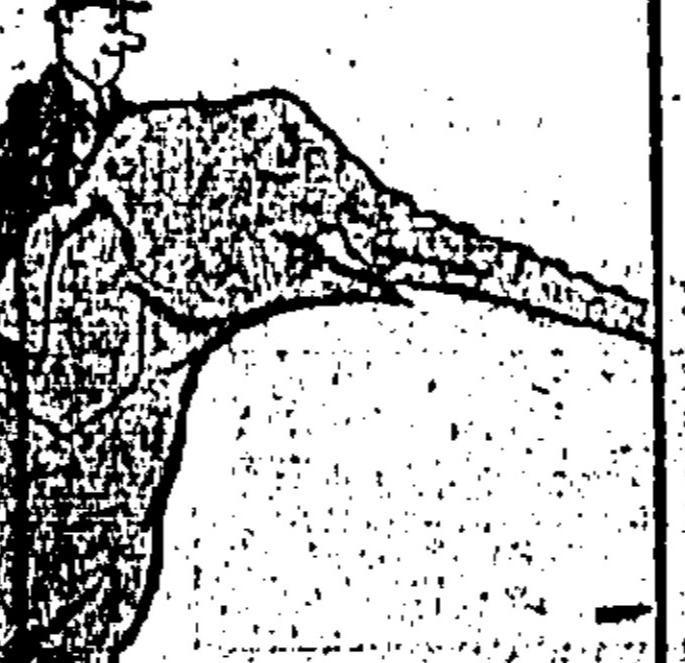
1st Division: HKGC v IRC "Blue," HKC "Gold," TC, Recreys v KDC, CCC v KCC.

2nd Division: KCC v PRG, Recreys v KDC, CCC v FC "Red," KDC v HKPSA.

3rd Division: HKGC v Recreys, HKC v FC, Stanley v Recreys, HKPSA v HKPSA, KCC v HKPSA.

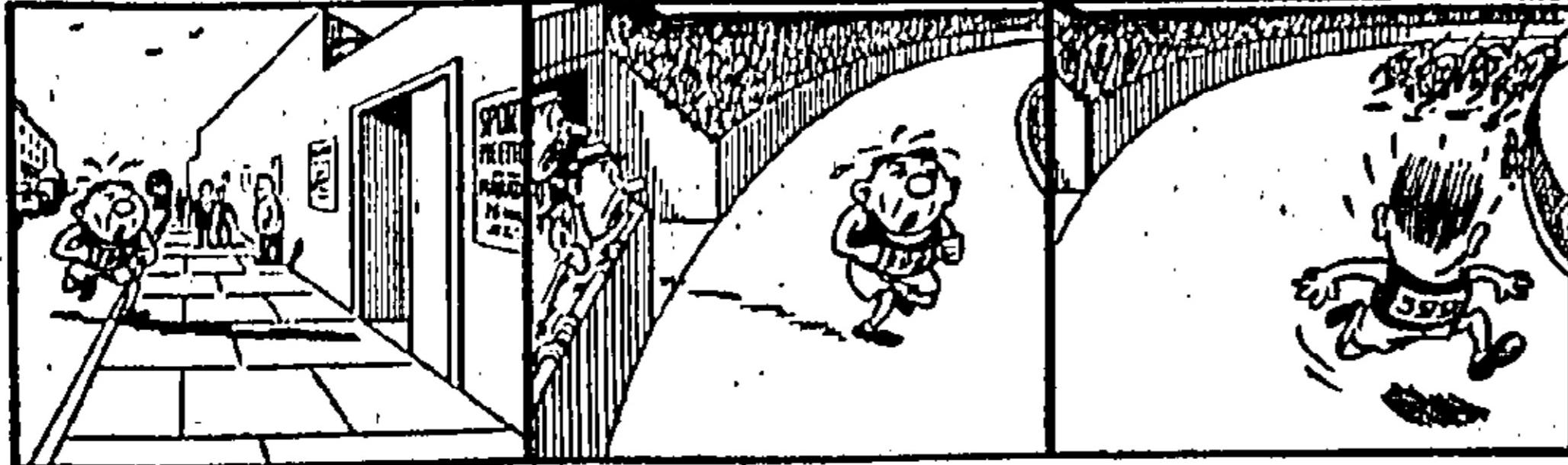
Ladies League: 2nd Division: KCC v FC, HKGC v PRG.

POPs

**Bun fight****Precious drops for precious moments.**

J.W. WALKER & SONS LTD.

SPORTING SAM



by Reg. Wootton

THERE SHOULD BE AN AGE LIMIT FOR TENNIS UMPIRES AND LINESMEN

Says DEREK JOHN

Shocking line decisions robbed Britain's Mike Davies of vital points in the last match of the Davis Cup tie with Belgium. And in another recent Davis Cup tie the Swedish players were so incensed by a line decision that they refused to meet the Italians in the last match.

Moans and groans are the usual thing when the excitement of a Cup tie whips up the frenzy of the fans. But this time the grumbles seem to have some foundation.

After the Brussels battle, even the Belgian press were commenting on "dubious line decisions". And the linesman involved was Belgian.

Now no one would accuse the lawn tennis umpires and linesmen of negligence or partisanship. They have a difficult job and doubtless do it to the best of their ability.

But I still think something can be done to avoid much of this unpleasant bickering over judges' decisions.

Firstly, international lawn tennis matches could be controlled by neutral officials in the same way as international soccer matches. Then umpires might not so often be accused of favouritism.

Secondly, there should be an age limit for umpires and linesmen in first-class tennis.

ELDERLY MEN

Most top-class officials have immense knowledge of the game. But far too many are elderly men who do not always have very keen eye-sight and quick reactions, requirements essential if they are to do their work really well.

Imperfect eye-sight is the only reasonable explanation for some of this year's amazing line decisions. And slow reactions by an official can often distract a player's concentration.

A recent example occurred at Wimbledon when Lew Hoad refused to serve at one stage of a match because the linesman was often late in shouting "out".

That august guardian of the laws and spirit of cricket, the MCC, is under fire. The captain of cricket at Wellington, a famous English public school, accuses it of "gamesmanship" because, in a recent match against the school, a member of the MCC team bowled lobs that he underlined.

"It is unusual to bowl lobs," continues the captain. "Certainly not," says spokesman of the MCC. "It couldn't be more legitimate. There have been some great bowlers in the past like G. H. Simpson-Hayward, who bowled them in Test cricket before the 1914-18 war."

"But in the last 30 years the lob has fallen into disuse. It is practically a lost art. We only wish more people would learn to do it. It is terribly effective."

The man who bowled the lobs against Wellington was Jack Meyer, former captain of Somerset. "It is one of the noblest bowling arts," he says.

"There are any number of variations of pace and trajectory you can use. They are almost impossible to play. Anyone with a brain and a good wrist could go into first-class cricket today and take hundreds of wickets if he really learned how to lob."

ONLY HIS TOE

What is the truth about the condition of Derek Ibbotson, the world's wonder miler? It is being said that he has arthritis, that he may be crippled if he continues running so frequently.

But Ibbotson himself tells a rather different story. "Everyone has got it all wrong," he says. "I haven't got arthritis, and it's time people know that."

"This is what's wrong — my toe. And get it straight. I am

Answers To Sports Quiz

- Bill Johnston, Average 102.
- Wyatt; May; Ames; Chapman.
- Tennis. Her maiden name is Maureen Connolly.
- Golf; Rugby Union; Golf; Polo.
- 1943.
- Patty. He is the only amateur tennis player.
- Pey Sanyu and Harry.
- Bingo; Cricket; Tennis; Golf; Cycling; Baseball.
- 903 for 7 declared by England against Australia in

WHAM! — REFEREE WAS NOT NEEDED TO TOLL THE TEN SECONDS

By HAROLD MAYES

He bore none of the marks of his trade. He certainly looked far too youthful to be a former world boxing champion. And in his sports coat and slacks the fair-haired, close-cropped "youngster" might have been just another spectator in Chicago Stadium last November, the night young Floyd Patterson whipped "Ancient Archie" Moore into a five-round defeat to become Heavyweight Champion of the World.

"How old are you now, Tony?" I asked him.

"Aw, forty-three," he replied.

"Did you say twenty?" I queried.

"I wish you were right," came the quick rejoinder.

And I'll bet he did. For if anyone ever loved a fight it was that man — Anthony Florian Zalewski, a rough, tough Polish-American from the steel town of Gary, Indiana, not far from Lake Michigan's eastern shore, a man the fight world knew as Tony Zale, twice Middleweight Champion of the World.

Gary and its surroundings couldn't have been more symbolic of the fighting character of the man it provided for the ring game.

The torrid heat of miles of steel mills gives place to oil refineries over a long stretch of road where the air hangs so heavily with petrol vapour that it seems that the whole lot will disappear in one blinding flash if any visitor is foolish enough to light a cigarette.

Yes, Gary is like sitting on a keg of dynamite, and in his ring exploits the world champion he produced was that of puncher every time he landed in a vulnerable spot.

DEAD-END KID

Small wonder, then, that his three meetings with the dead-end kid from New York's East Side, Rocky Graziano, resulted in fisty fireworks which just had to end in one man or the other being punched into insensibility.

Only once between 1941 and 1946 did he engage in ring combat, then to go 12 rounds to a losing points decision with Billy Conn.

And although he had won the world middleweight title in 1941, it wasn't until he was past 33 that the world really began to sit up and take notice of Zale.

His first meeting with Graziano, in New York in September, 1946, was a pinching speech few who witnessed it are ever likely to forget. For four rounds the

"Somebody Up There" like "Me" boy beat hell out of Tony. Zale took it all, and knocked out Graziano in the sixth.

Tough as that was, it was Sunday School party stuff compared to their second meeting in Chicago Stadium in July, 1947.

Zale turned the tables by dealing out a vicious beating to Zale in the fifth. He dropped him for three counts in the sixth and stripped the Gary man of his title in that round, having him draped half out, half in the ring when the referee decided it was time to call a halt.

So, with the score one all, they came to Rupert Stadium, a ball park in Newark, New Jersey, across the Hudson River from New York on June 10, 1948.

ODDS ON

They made Graziano, three days past his 26th birthday, a 12 to 5 on favourite to whip Zale again that night. The folk who had seen the two previous explosions had decided that youth would come through because at that time no man of 34 had ever succeeded in winning the world middleweight crown for a second time.

YET I SAW IT HAPPEN, IN JUST SIX MINUTES AND 63 SECONDS OF CALCULATED DESTRUCTION WHICH HAS SELDOM BEEN EXCEEDED FOR ITS FURY.

Since anything but all-out aggression was completely foreign to Zale's nature, the tempo was set from the first bell. Two pawing lefts from Graziano, and three light lefts and a somewhat half-hearted right-hand punch from Zale.

His first meeting with Graziano, in New York in September, 1946, was a pinching speech few who witnessed it are ever likely to forget. For four rounds the

George Mills in just about the best wicketkeeper in the Birmingham League. The Stourbridge man is also the leading batsman for his club. When they were in trouble the other day he took off his pads and promptly took three wickets in two overs for four runs. Now Stourbridge have made him captain. Recently he had to get 17 in the last over to win, and this former Fleet Air Arm pilot hit 40.0.41, just like that!

He tried to box, and Zale hit him with everything except the ring-posts and the bucket!

FULL TREATMENT

Regardless of Graziano's deadly punching power, Zale gave him the full treatment in a second round which was designed to make sure that the third didn't last long.

It didn't, either. A murderous right to the body dumped Graziano on the canvas once more. He was up at six, but for all his willingness to try to turn this into another seesaw battle, Zale was having none of it.

Measuring another right, he switched the play by throwing a carbon copy of the fat hook he had put Graziano down for the first time into the corner.

This time it had been neither high nor low, but flat on the chin. Referee Paul Cavalier didn't have bothered to toll the ten seconds. They were no more than a formality.

NEXT WEEK: The second Robison-Turpin fight, when Sugar Ray regained the world middleweight title he had lost only 64 days earlier.

Best Wicketkeeper

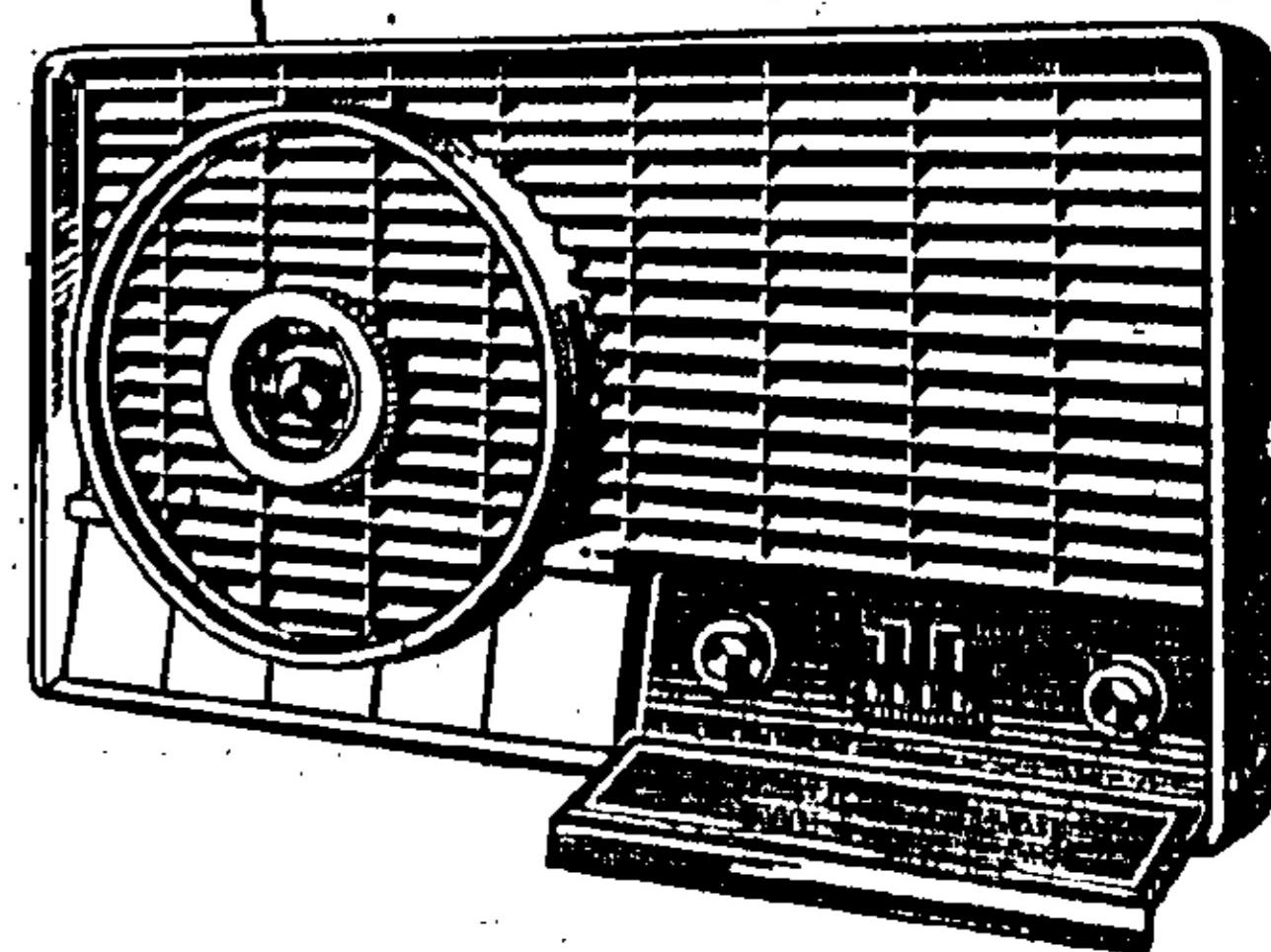
George Mills is just about the best wicketkeeper in the Birmingham League. The Stourbridge man is also the leading batsman for his club.

When they were in trouble the other day he took off his pads and promptly took three wickets in two overs for four runs. Now Stourbridge have made him captain.

Recently he had to get 17 in the last over to win, and this former Fleet Air Arm pilot hit 40.0.41, just like that!

FEDDERS

THE LEADING NAME IN — AIR CONDITION-ERING!

*"It's not the heat..."*

Fedders banishes humidity, by S-Q-U-E-E-Z-I-N-G quarts of moisture out of the air . . . 360° direction Weather Wheel grille for draught-free air-flow . . . Built-in thermostat for automatic temperature control . . . Whisper-quiet vibration-free performance . . . Big efficient sponglass filter . . .

• 1 H.P.
• 1½ H.P.
• 2 H.P. Deluxe models

Solo Agents... fagans

423-9, Ice House Street, Hong Kong, Tel: 27781

Great News for - GOLFERS

THE FAMOUS SPALDING

is now available in
the English Size

USED BY
PROFESSIONALS
AND
LOW HANDICAP PLAYERS

EUROPE

via Pan American



6 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

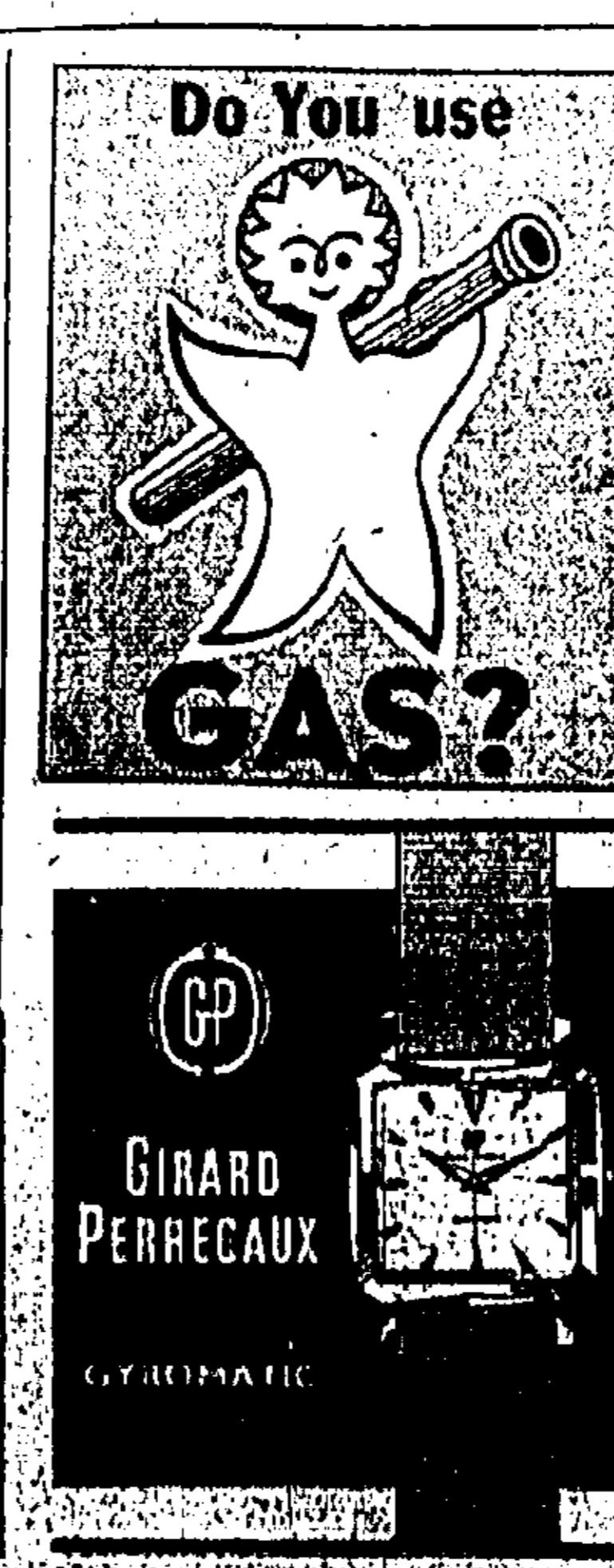
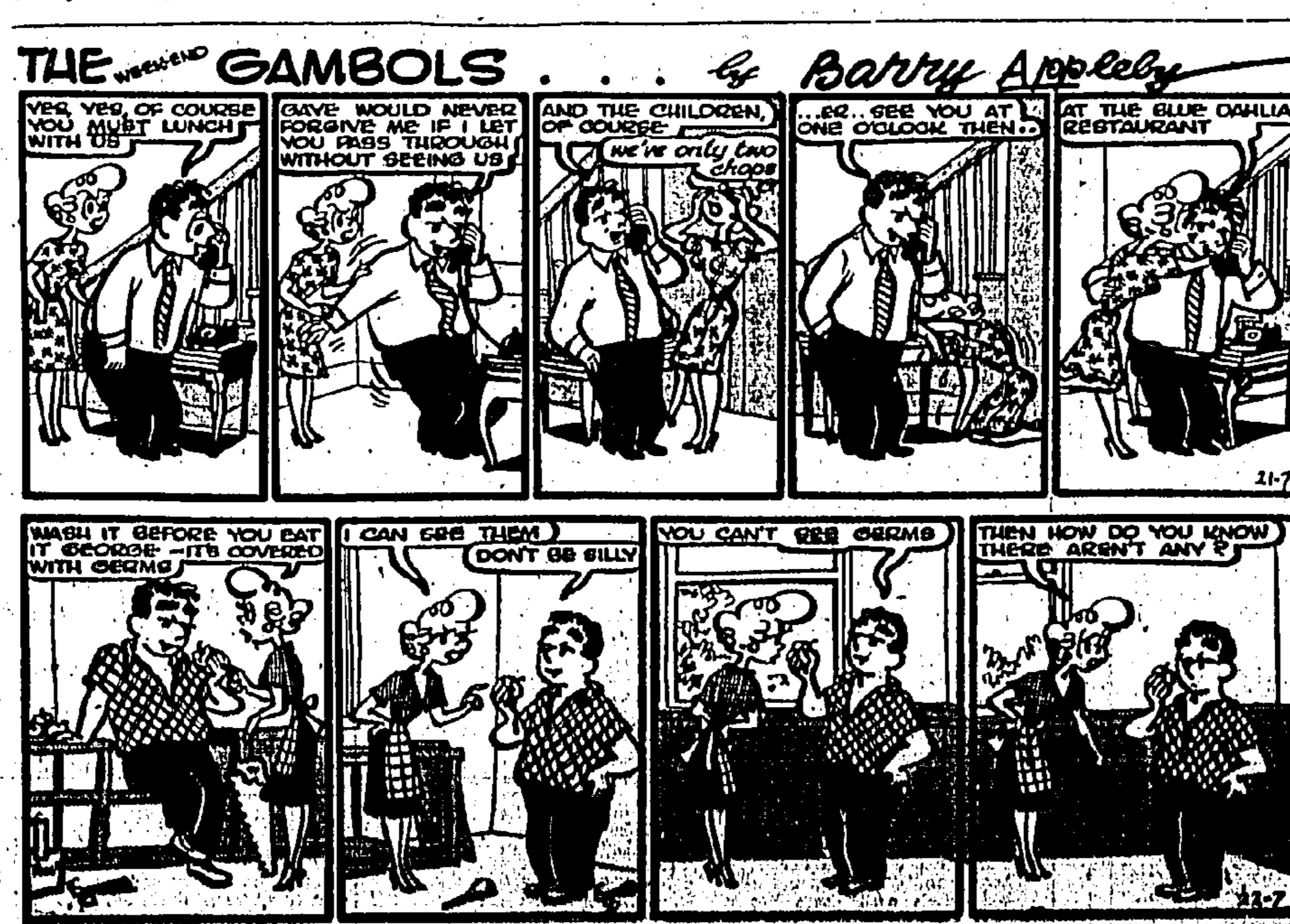
Fly giant pressurized Super-6 Clippers® to all Europe via the Middle East. Enjoy stopovers en route at no extra fare. Choose Pan American's luxurious President service and enjoy bed-length Sleeperette® service, superb cuisine, fine wines, Champagne.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Alexander House, Phone 37031, Hong Kong.

PAN AMERICAN

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

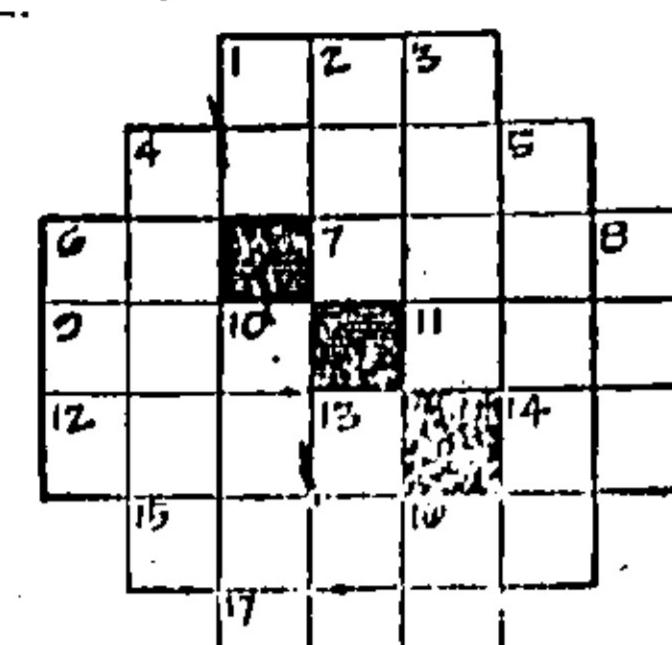
Pan American World Airways, Inc., based in the City of New York, U.S.A., with United States, Canada, Mexico, Pan American World Airways, Inc.



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

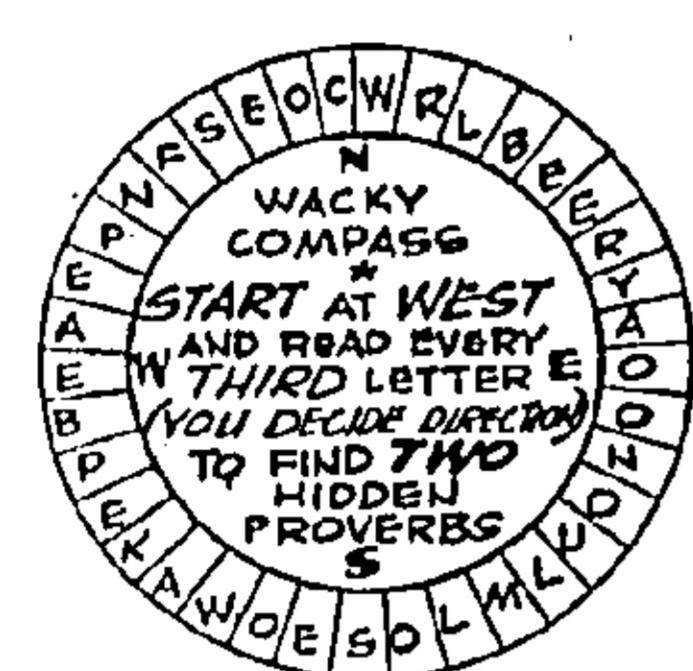
CROSSWORD



BEHEADINGS

Behind "to sound a bugle" and have "not high"; behind "winter precipitation" and have "present time"; behind "a snare" and have "a knock"; behind "an Oriental food" and have "frozen water"; behind "rich milk" and have "a paper measure."

WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 10)

- ACROSS**
- Head covering
 - Musical qualities
 - Behold!
 - Golfer's mounds
 - Possessive pronoun
 - Rodent
 - Story
 - Lone Scout (ab.)
 - Bodies of water
 - Writing tool

- DOWN**
- Company (ab.)
 - Busy insect
 - Equal
 - Sum
 - Fur-bearing sea animals
 - Ignited
 - Streets (ab.)
 - Blow with open hand
 - Piece out
 - Half an em

SUDAN DIAMOND

Part of the Sudan's population are NUBIANS, which fact the puzzlement pieced as the centre for his word diamond. The second word is "to take; an evening meal"; third "a king of a fur"; fifth "carpenter's tool"; and sixth "a compass point." Try to complete the diamond from these clues:

N
U
B
I
A
N
S

TRIANGLE

The Puzzlement has hung his word triangle from CAREERS. The second word is "amphitheatre"; third "to put again"; fourth "son of Seth"; fifth "to consume"; and sixth an abbreviation for "right side." Can you complete the triangle?

CAREERS

A
R
E
E
R
S

SCRAMBLEGRAMS

Scramble "rows" and have "ceremonies"; repeat and have "wearies"; again and have "to perch anew"; once more and have "attempts."

HOW MAKE A HEADSCARF

1. FIND A PIECE OF THIN RAYON OR COTTON CLOTH ABOUT 24 INCHES SQUARE.

2. FOLD CLOTH IN HALF TWICE (BOTH WAYS) TO MAKE LINES FOR YOUR DESIGN.

3. FIND TWO LEAVES THAT WILL FIT INTO THE SQUARES.

4. PUT A LEAF UNDER CORNER SQUARE WITH VEIN SIDE NEXT TO CLOTH.

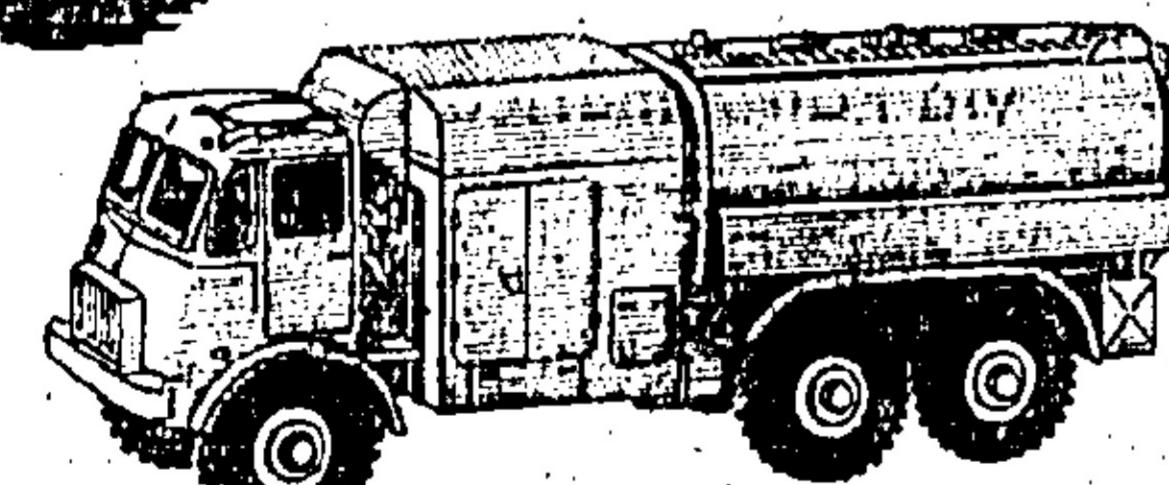
5. HOLD CLOTH TIGHTLY OVER LEAF AND RUB CRAYON OVER SQUARE. LINES OF LEAVES WILL SHOW THROUGH.

6. ALTERNATE LEAVES IN EACH SQUARE UNTIL ALL SQUARES ARE FILLED.

FOLD EDGES AROUND BACK SIDE AND HEM WITH A RUNNING STITCH.

PUT DAMP CLOTH OVER DESIGN AND PRESS IT WITH A WARM TOWEL.

New this month!



DINKY SUPERTOYS No. 624 Pressure Refueller

The original of this Dinky Supertoys is a six-wheel Royal Air Force vehicle used on aerodromes for refuelling and defuelling aircraft. The model is enamelled in R.A.F. blue with a roundel on the front. Towing hook at rear and driver in cab. Length 5½".

New colour finish



Keep on collecting
DINKY TOYS
& **DINKY SUPERTOYS**
MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 11

THESE TIPS WILL MAKE YOUR CAMERA TALK . . .

YOUR CAMERA "talks," but does it always say (or show) what you want it to? Here are seven tips to help you control your picture-making "speech."

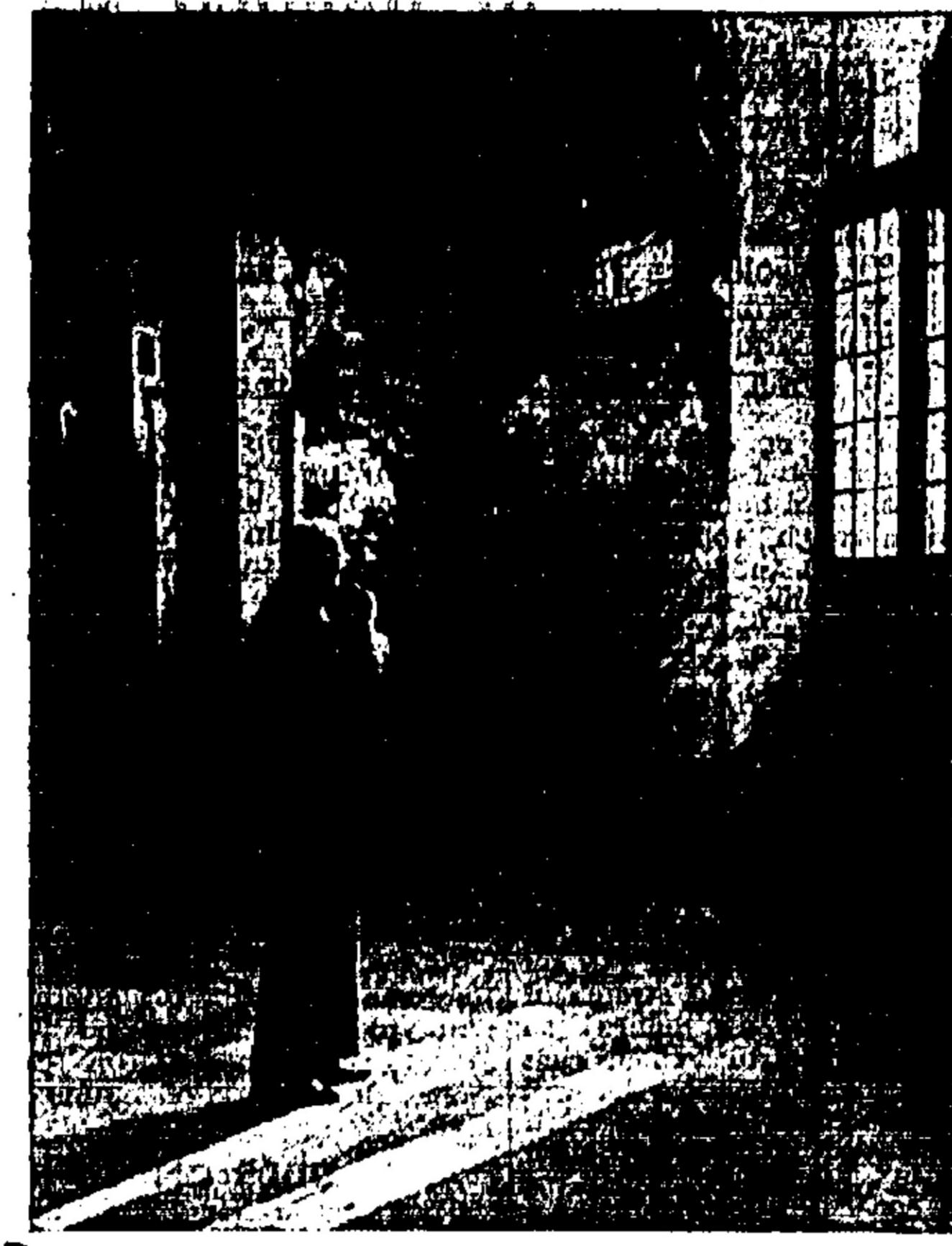
1. **LIGHT** in the picture is not enough. You need light on the subject. Details talk in a picture, and light is what reveals details.

2. **DISTANCE** changes the whole picture. Unless you have a portrait lens, don't shoot pictures closer than 40 inches. You will get better results shooting farther away and enlarging the pieces of photo you want as a close-up.

3. **SHADOWS** can say ugly things about your subject. Light held high are better than lights at the camera. Two floods on opposite sides of the subject should give you good results.

4. Do all your full length subjects look as if they had stumpy legs? Try getting on one knee to snap the picture instead of standing for an eye-level shot.

5. Are you getting fuzzy pictures without any reasonable explanation for the fuzziness? Sudden temperature changes cause moisture condensation on the lens. This should be wiped off before picture taking. If you take your camera out of a



Light Talks: Sunlight filtering through the window brings out the details that make this excellent study by Johannes Scholten, of Haarlem, the Netherlands.

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

6. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

7. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

8. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

9. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

10. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

11. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

12. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

13. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

14. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

15. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

16. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

17. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

18. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

19. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

20. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

21. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

22. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

23. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

24. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

25. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

26. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

27. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

28. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

29. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

30. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

31. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

32. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

33. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

34. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

35. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

36. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

keep it under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

37. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping a blond or someone dressed in

warm house in cold weather, then you are not getting enough

